

ANDOVER FLYING DISASTER: 5 R.A.F. MEN KILLED

The Daily Mirror

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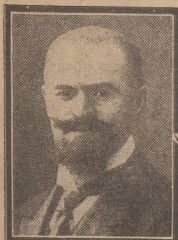
One Penny.

IMMORTAL LOVE STORY: MISS DORIS KEANE AS JULIET



Juliet laid out in her wedding dress after her tragic doom had gathered her in its grasp.

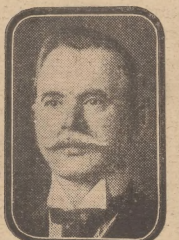
HUNS' PEACE BLUFF: BERLIN BROUGHT TO HEEL.



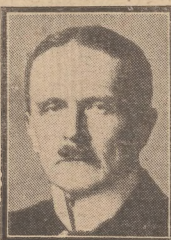
Landsberg.



Giesberts.



Leinert.



Brockdorff-Rantzau.

Count Brockdorff-Rantzau, the Foreign Minister, has bowed to the inevitable and will himself head the German peace delegates to Versailles. He is seen with three of the substitutes for "messengers."

THE SCENE OF THE FLYING TRAGEDY AT ANDOVER.



The sheds at Weyhill Aerodrome. The machine struck the roof of the building, on the left marked (A), afterwards coming into contact with the raised central portion of the roof of the building in the middle at the point marked (B). The machine then dived into the side of the men's sleeping quarters, the building on the right, at the point marked (C). Five of the occupants were fatally burned.



The presentation by Miss Doris Keane and her husband, Mr. Basil Sydney, of Shakespeare's immortal lovers, Romeo and Juliet, at the Lyric Theatre has provided a theatrical event of great interest.—(Daily Mirror exclusive photographs.)

A DESCENDANT OF PEPYS.

VANISHED.



Viscount Crowhurst, who succeeds to the title. He is the late peer's eldest son by his first wife.



The Earl of Cottenham, who has died. He was a descendant of Samuel Pepys, the famous diarist.



Mme. Pascal, one of the alleged victims of Landry, the Bluebeard of Rambouillet. "He hypnotised me," she said.

LIMERICK OPEN DOOR COMEDY.

Refugees Escape from "Off Side" of Train.

TANK ON BRIDGE.

While no serious disturbance is reported from Limerick, the military authorities are fully prepared for emergencies, and a tank is the latest addition to the defences of the city.

Troops and a large force of constabulary are on guard.

Every road leading into the city is guarded by a barrier of barbed wire and a posse of soldiers, says the Exchange Limerick correspondent.

The tank on the principal bridge across the Shannon has its guns trained down the main thoroughfare, while from the windows of the Shannon Boat-house a Lewis gun covers the approach to the bridge.

Many people on Monday went to see a hurling match about a mile from the city, and on the return those without permits were stopped.

FOUND THE "OPEN DOOR."

As the crowd showed signs of forcing an entrance by way of Sarsfield Bridge, a cordon was drawn and some 300 people were held up.

The 320 refugees were accommodated in the Thomondgate district outside the military area during the night and yesterday morning.

A short distance from Thomondgate, in the city but outside the military area, is a long pavement station, on the Ennis and Limerick Railway, and from this the refugees got into the train and travelled into Limerick.

On arrival at the ticket-checking platform outside Limerick Station soldiers on duty locked the doors of the compartments of those passengers who were without permits to enter the city, pending further action at the city station.

When the train reached this station, however, the passengers without permits got through the unlocked doors on the off-side of the carriages and escaped in the crowd.

So far the results achieved by the strike committee have been almost negligible, and they have succeeded in hurrying nobody but themselves, for the feeding of the population becomes increasingly difficult.

BURGLARS THWARTED.

Would-Be Thieves' Hasty Flight from Jeweller's Shop.

From Our Own Correspondent.

SWANSEA, Tuesday. An amazing story of how would-be burglars were thwarted has just come to light.

During the morning the caretaker on the premises of Mr. Crouch, Jeweller, Castle buildings, was aroused by strange noises, and on investigation he found an attempt was being made to enter the premises by sawing through the grating.

The intruders got into the building, and there followed a period of quietness and some whispering. Suspecting that their movements were discovered, the men abandoned the attempt, leaving behind them an elaborate burglars' kit, including oxygen plant, with two blowpipes, on the roof. They left four canvas holdalls and two jemmies.

INQUEST MYSTERY.

Missing Anzac Captain and a Headless Body in R. ver.

From Our Own Correspondent.

CHERTSEY, Tuesday. Two Thames tragedies were not merged into one as the result of an inquest at Walton-on-Thames to-day.

Captain Alexander Whyte, New Zealand Medical Corps, said that it was impossible to say that the headless, armless and partially legless male trunk found in the Thames on Sunday was that of Captain Charles Ward, the New Zealand officer, who disappeared from a local Anzac hospital on January 19.

The captain's bicycle, hat and letters were found on the bank near where the body was found.

The coroner remarked that the tragedies coincided, but the jury returned an open verdict in the case of an unknown body.

£12,000,000 BR.DE.

New York, Tuesday.

Miss Margaret Carnegie, daughter of Andrew Carnegie, and the richest girl in America, was today married to Ensign Rossell Miller, of the U.S. Navy.

The bride, it is stated, will inherit £12,000,000 from her father.—Exchange.

TO-DAY'S WEATHER.

The anti-cyclone which has been the dominant feature of late is giving way slowly, but even in the extreme north, fair or fine weather is likely to continue.

For England, S.E., E., S.W., Midlands (E. and W.): Light, variable winds, fair or fine generally; moderate temperature.



Lord and Lady Halifax, who yesterday received many gifts on the occasion of their golden wedding.

TRAGEDY OF BARONET

Sir Archibald Orr-Ewing Found Shot in a Plantation.

LEICESTERSHIRE MYSTERY.

Sir Archibald Orr-Ewing, Bart., of Lennoxbank, Dumbartonshire, was found shot dead yesterday in a plantation in Leicestershire, near the residence of a relative with whom he was staying.

He was accustomed to go for long walks, and went out apparently for that purpose on Monday morning.

As he did not return, a search party was sent out, but no trace of him was found until yesterday morning, when his body was discovered in the plantation with a bullet wound in the head. Sir Archibald was in his sixty-sixth year. He was a member of the Royal Company of Archers, and married a daughter of the third Viscount Sidmouth.

"WHAT ABOUT IT?"

Mr. George Robey and "The Daily Mirror" Box.

"What about it?" exclaimed Mr. George Robey, when he visited The Daily Mirror Office yesterday.

"What about what?" asked our representative.

"What about The Daily Mirror box for the matinee at the Coliseum next Sunday for the Printers' Pensions Fund," replied Mr. Robey. The proceeds will be devoted to the children of printers who have fallen in the war, and a representative company of the finest artists in London will appear.

To swell the receipts The Daily Mirror has given 100 guineas for a box, and has put the box up again for auction. Mr. Robey is anxious to know who are the first bidders for The Daily Mirror box.

NEARLY A TRAGEDY.

Neighbour's Prompt Action Saves Mother and Three Children.

A mother and three young children were found unconscious, suffering from gas poisoning, in a house in Great College-street, Camden Town, yesterday morning.

Shortly after midnight a neighbour heard the sound of a fall in the bedroom above her, and, getting no answer to her repeated knocking, she sent for the police.

The latter, on going to the room, were met with gas fumes so powerful that they had to wait some time before they could enter.

Three children were lying on the bed, and the woman on the floor, all overcome by the gas. They were Mrs. Ellen Henson, thirty-one; James Henson, three; Nellie, two; and Beatrice, two months. A gas oven and two rings in the room were turned on.

Mrs. Henson is the wife of a soldier in the R.A.M.C., now stationed in Egypt. She and the children were taken to St. Paneras Infirmary, and are expected to recover.

TRAM-LINES' FATAL GRIP.

His tyre becoming wedged in the tram-lines while motor-cycling through Colchester on Good Friday, Mr. Archibald Clarke, of Woodford Green, was thrown and his skull fractured. At the inquest yesterday, at which a verdict of Accidental Death was returned, complaint was made of the condition of the tram-lines at the spot.

HOLIDAY BOATING TRAGEDY.

John and Pollock Teasdale (only sons of Mr. J. H. Teasdale, electrical engineer, of Althorne and London) and Leslie Macdonald (only son of Mr. Macdonald, schoolmaster, of Althorne) have been drowned in the Crouch, near Burnham; their sailing dinghy was found capsized.

CHILDREN SAVED FROM FLAMES.

Exciting rescue scenes attended a fire at a maternity home in Ebury-street, Piccadilly, yesterday afternoon.

Five children, whose escape was cut off, were brought down by police officers and civilians from the second floor windows by means of builders' ladders.

SIX MONS BROTHERS.

Football or Hockey Challenge to Any Similar Sextet.

FAMILY'S FINE WAR RECORD.

A fine war service record has been made by a Plumstead family. Six brothers joined the Army in 1914, and are therefore entitled to the Mons Star. They have all survived and five have been demobilised.

Here is the record of the six sons of Mrs. Marsh, of 42, Kentmere-road, Plumstead. They all served as privates:—

Frank Marsh, age 34, West Kent Regiment. Photo missing, also Mons.

Frederick Marsh, age 32, R.F.A. Twice wounded.

Albert Marsh, D.C.M., age 30, R.F.A. Wounded and invalided out of the Army.

Ernest Marsh, age 28, R.F.A. Served in Mesopotamia.

Edwin Marsh, age 26, 3rd Worcestershire Regiment. Wounded.

Philip Marsh, age 24, R.F.A. Gassed and had shell shock. Still serving.

These six brothers are anxious to know if there is another family of six brothers, also Mons men, in Great Britain.

They wish to challenge such a sextette to meet them at either football or hockey when, on a playing field instead of a battle field, they can fight another good fight.

Will any similar sextet please communicate with the Editor of The Daily Mirror?

LORD COTTENHAM DEAD.

A Descendant of Samuel Pepys, the Restoration Diarist.

The death occurred at his London residence, Southwall-gardens, S.W., yesterday morning, of Kenelm Charles Edward Pepys, fourth Earl of Cottenham.

Lord Cottenham, who was connected with Samuel Pepys, the famous Restoration diarist, was born on May 18, 1874, and educated at Eton and Oxford.

He was twice married; his first wife being Lady Rose Nevill, the daughter of the first Marquis of Abergavenny. She died in 1913, and three years later he married Miss Patricia Burke, daughter of the late Mr. John Humphry Burke, of California.

The first Lady Cottenham was found by the Earl lying dead in a wood near their house at Goring, a sporting gun by her side. It was supposed that she slipped, and that the gun went off, the shot passing through her body.

"CORNERING" BEEF STEAK

Food Ministry's Eye on Butchers—Customers' Grievance.

The Food Ministry take a serious view of the complaints which are being made that many butchers are exercising preferential treatment in supplying meat.

The grievance of many private customers is that when they ask for steak they are told that they can only have mutton, and when it is pointed out that there is steak of good quality on display they are met with the reply that it is intended for a restaurant or some institution.

MISS ASHWELL'S "SERVICE."

Famous Actress' Biblical Recital at Worcester Cathedral.

From Our Own Correspondent.

WORCESTER, Tuesday.

The recital of Biblical passages by Miss Lena Ashwell attracted a large congregation to Worcester Cathedral this afternoon.

With immense dramatic force, Miss Ashwell declaimed five excerpts from the Scriptures, "The Death of the Mighty," "The Mysterious Hath Hope in His Death," "The Herald of the Kingdom," "God's Kingdom of Peace" and "The Kingdom of the Redeemed."

Miss Lena Ashwell. Miss Ashwell told me that the idea of the recital originated with Earl and Countess Beauchamp, with whom she stayed at Madresfield Court.

"I have never recited in a cathedral before," she said. "It was a wonderful opportunity, and I loved doing it."

MR. SEXTON ON DOCKERS.

"The dockers have never had such a charter offered to them in their lives, and yet they are objecting to it and are throwing it back at the employers," said Mr. James Sexton, M.P., general secretary of the National Union of Dock Labourers, when interviewed yesterday regarding the dock workers' strike in Liverpool and Birkenhead.

The men should accept this offer with both hands and be thankful."

THIS IS MUZZLE DAY IN LONDON.

Big Stores Besieged and Stocks Cleared Out.

ELEVEN FRESH 'SUSPECTS.'

Two suspected cases of rabies were reported yesterday in the London area, viz., at Acton, where the animal was destroyed, and a veterinary post-mortem is now being made, and at Stratford (West Ham).

Others are notified from the provinces— at Cardiff, Barry, Port Talbot, Uplympe (Devonshire), Trowbridge (Wilts), East Molesey and Newnham (Glos.), while two cases with severe symptoms were reported in Monmouthshire.

In Croesyceiliog the infected dog has been shot.

In High-street, Hythe, yesterday, a lady visitor was severely bitten by a dog which was secured for examination.

No suspected cases have been confirmed during the last two days, and so far there are only two confirmed cases in the London area, namely, at Byfleet and Acton.

To-day is Muzzle Day. At midnight last night permission to lead a dog as an alternative to muzzling was withdrawn. Henceforth it is an offence for an unmuzzled dog to be in any public place, led or otherwise.

Yesterday the London streets were filled with people anxious to buy muzzles—and a great many went home disappointed.

SOLD OUT.

At Gamages there was a constant stream of inquirers, and all were greeted with the reply: "Sold out!"

We had a large stock in on Thursday," said an assistant to The Daily Mirror, "but they all went before we closed. We have a further big supply on order, but we are still awaiting their arrival. Meanwhile we are turning hundreds of people away."

Harrod's appeared to be the only emporium with any muzzles still in stock.

At the Board of Agriculture the waiting-room was congested all day with people eager for information or licences. They always received the former, but rarely the latter.

As a result of the Muzzling Order in the London area the Dogs' Home at Battersea is busier now than it has been for many years.

Many people are turning their dogs adrift rather than take the trouble to obey the Muzzling Order.

In imposing fines of 40s. at Exeter yesterday for unmuzzled dogs, Sir James Owen said if people didn't like it they must get rid of their dogs. It was a brutal thing to say, but one human being is worth millions of dogs.

'IN DEFENCE OF HIS WIFE.'

Inquest Jury's Verdict—Soldier Who Struck a Man.

From Our Own Correspondent.

Barnstaple, Tuesday. The death of William James Graham, forty-five, who was found in a dying condition in Hulme-street on the night of April 2, was inquired into by a Smithwick jury to-day.

Private George Henry Norton, twenty-eight, stationed at the First Southern General Hospital, who has been arrested in connection with the case, stated that at a quarter to ten he heard his wife saying, "Get away, you are a married man."

He went in the direction of the voices and saw a man struggling with his wife. When challenged, the man said, "I have not insulted her," and made off, with Norton following.

In his statement to the police Norton said: "I struck him in the mouth, I think. I didn't see him fall. He seemed to walk away. Next day I heard that a man had been found dead in Hulme-street, but I didn't know whether it was the man I struck or not."

Medical evidence showed that Graham had an abnormally thin skull.

The jury returned a verdict that death was due to hemorrhage caused by fracture at the base of the skull, resulting from a fall on the back of his head, caused by a blow inflicted by Norton justifiably in defence of his wife.

I.L.P. REJECT SOVIET PROPOSAL.

When Mr. Fred Jowett, in the I.L.P. Conference at Huddersfield yesterday, introduced a resolution demanding the abolition of the Cabinet system and the substitution of Departmental Committees, an amendment was proposed that the Government of the country should be placed on a system of groups on the Soviet principle.

The amendment, however, was almost unanimously rejected, as was Mr. Jowett's solution. Mr. Philip Snowden was re-elected chairman.

FUNERAL OF PRIVATE SAVAGE.

The funeral of Private Savage, who figured in the Lambeth drama on April 10, took place yesterday at Finchley Cemetery. The hearse was filled with dozens of beautiful wreaths.

One of the relatives told The Daily Mirror that the military authorities had offered a military funeral, but that Mrs. Savage had preferred that the ceremony should be private.

NIGHT-FLYING—SASTER—DEADLOCK WITH ITALY

WILY GERMAN REPLY TO THE ALLIES.

Six Hun Envoys to "Negotiate" Peace.

ITALY ADAMANT.

No Sign of Any Compromise on Adriatic Problem.

Though the Huns have yielded to the Allied demand to send fully empowered delegates, headed by von Brockdorff-Rantzau, the Foreign Minister, to Versailles, and not mere messengers, they are now attempting to impose conditions.

The official reply from Germany says:—
The German Government, assuming that negotiations on the contents of the draft of the peace preliminaries are intended to follow the presentation of the draft, designates the following persons, who are invested with the proper plenary powers, as its delegates:—

The Imperial Minister for Foreign Affairs, Count Brockdorff-Rantzau.
Minister for Justice, Dr. Landsberg.
Minister for Posts, Herr Ciesberts.
President of the Prussian National Assembly, Herr Leinert.
Dr. Karl Melchior.
Professor Dr. Schuecking.

The sending is contemplated of additional persons to accompany them, whose names and position the German Government will as speedily as possible communicate in a second telegram.

The German Government is ready to send the persons indicated in the foregoing to Versailles if the assurance is given that the delegates and those accompanying them during their stay there, are guaranteed freedom of movement as well as the free use of the telegraph and telephone for communication with the German Government.

It reserves the right of subsequently appointing special experts for individual Peace questions. The departure of the delegates and those accompanying them would in any case be delayed for some days.—Reuter.

Herr David, says an Exchange message, cannot go to Paris, as he is ill, though Socialistic circles say the illness is purely diplomatic, as he cannot agree with Count Brockdorff-Rantzau.

PLAYING THE WILSON CARD.

According to the newspapers, it is announced from Berlin that the German Government has decided upon the line of conduct it proposes to adopt towards the Entente.

The Germans will not refuse to sign as a matter of principle, but will offer to negotiate.

It will lay renewed stress on the acceptance of President Wilson's principles, and will show a willingness to go as far as possible along the road of conciliation.

No Black Lists.—The Supreme Economic Council has agreed to suspend all black lists, says the Exchange.

FRANCE MUST WELCOME GERMANY.

In an interview given to the Temps, says Reuter, Herr Ebert pointed out that it was to French genius that Socialism owed a large part of its ideas, and that it was given birth to the confidence that France could not shut the door to the idea of the solidarity of all human labour. "If this idea prevails in France," he said, "good relations cannot be long delayed, and Germany would be the first to translate the idea into reality by helping France to reconstruct what the horrors of war have destroyed."

ITALY WILL NOT YIELD.

Wilson Present at Meeting but Takes No Part in Discussion.

PARIS, Tuesday.
The Adriatic question came before the Council of Three this morning, President Wilson remaining in the adjoining room and appearing, if not disinterested in the matter, at least determined to take no part in the discussion.

This meeting did not carry the question any further, Italy remaining as uncompromising as ever.

It is believed that in consequence of the pressure of Italian public opinion, Signor Orlando and Baron Sonnino want to prolong the pourparlers to the last moment, in the hope that they may get their way, rather than that the date of signing the treaty be put off.

Whatever the Italian interests at stake may be, it is considered that this is going far. All the Allies have hitherto in turn made concessions in the matter of their particular interests, however cherished these might be, for the sake of the general interests of the Allies.

Italy should be a great example in mind, remembering also that she did not make war alone, and was certainly not the Power that suffered most.—Exchange.

German Envoys Want to Negotiate—Plan to Seek Concessions Instead of Signing.

RIGHT TO SEND SPECIAL EXPERTS CLAIMED.

Aeroplane Disaster.—Five airmen lost their lives in an aeroplane crash at Weyhill Aerodrome, near Andover.

Hun Peace-Twisting.—The German Government has made its appointment of six Peace Plenipotentiaries "on the assumption" that negotiations are intended. The "right" to appoint special experts for individual peace questions is reserved.

Adriatic Problem.—This is still unsettled, Italy remaining uncompromising in the matter of her claims. See also "Another Hitch?" page 5.

FIVE AIRMEN'S FATE IN BLAZING MACHINE.

Four Hundred Gallons of Petrol Explode.

CRASH AT THIRTY FEET.

From Our Own Correspondent.

ANDOVER, Tuesday.
Early this morning a Handley-Page machine, with a pilot and six passengers, had just made a circuit of the Andover Aerodrome when the tail of the machine came into contact with a small building used by the men for sleeping purposes.

The aeroplane turned over, crashed to the ground, and burst into flames.

Before anyone could assist the occupants, five were burnt to death, one was burnt to such an extent that he was taken in a critical condition to Tidworth military hospital, and the seventh had to be detained at the aerodrome for treatment of minor burns.

The names of the men killed were:—

Major Thomas Archibald Batchelor, D.F.C., aged 33 (pilot).

Captain William Reginald Atkins, R.N.A.S.

Lieutenant Arthur Barlow Whiteside, M.C. and bar, 25.

Flight-Sergeant Horace Henry Heales, 38.

Corporal E. G. Ward.

The injured were:—

Lieutenant Westall (who is in a critical condition).

Sergeant Smith.

Heales was the mechanic in charge and Smith the wireless operator.

The burning aeroplane set the building on fire, and the fire brigade had to be called: It took several hours to extinguish the blaze.

The machine was starting on a 2,000-mile tour of the British Isles, and another of the machines engaged returned to the aerodrome this morning when the accident occurred. It had only been about 300, or 400, when it struck the building which is situated at the far end of the aerodrome.

It was a clear, starlight night, with a moderate east wind.

Four hundred gallons of petrol were in the front tank, the large quantity being necessary for the flight contemplated.

The aeroplane was a new Handley-Page bombing machine, fitted with two 325 h.p. Rolls-Royce engines, and with a wing span of 100ft.

LEARNING NIGHT FLYING.

"The machine was taken up by a crew of seven for the purpose of learning night-flying," said an official of the Handley-Page Co. to The Daily Mirror.

"The men were practising the most difficult form of flying, and the accident has no possible bearing on civilian flying."

"The machine was used for Army purposes entirely," said Messrs. Handley-Page yesterday.

As far as the Handley-Page firm is concerned, we had no control of the machine whatever. It was entirely the Government's own possession. Another report says: The aeroplane had been previously tested on two occasions by Major Batchelor, who was one of the most experienced R.A.F. pilots, and apparently everything was as perfect as it was possible to be.

Colonel Christie, the camp commandant, and the other officers of the aerodrome were present to witness the departure.

At 2.5 the blocks were kicked away by the mechanics, and the giant Handley-Page machine started on her voyage.

They circled the aerodrome as a preliminary, and it was then noticed by watchers that the machine did not take off as well as usual and that her tail hung rather low.

Then it was suddenly noticed that she was falling to rise over the block of sheds which stood in her way.

A few seconds later she struck the roof of one of the sheds, ploughed her way forward, taking off the roof of the bath-house on her way, and then came heavily to earth against the huts, in which a number of air mechanics engaged at the aerodrome were asleep.

The huge petrol tank containing the 400 gallons of spirit exploded and fire spread all around.



Sir Archibald Ernest Ernest, who was found shot in a plantation. (See p. 2.)

Admiral de Robeck, whose flagship, the Iron Duke, has arrived at Constantinople.

Flight-Sergeant Smith apparently fell out of the plane before the tank exploded and escaped with a few injuries.

Lieutenant Westall was badly burned, and now lies in hospital.

Unfortunately, the Andover fire steamer could not be brought into play owing to the low pressure of the water system, and all that could be done was to use buckets upon the flames.

Probably through this cause the fire was not extinguished until something like nine o'clock yesterday morning, and by that time the machine was nothing else but a charred heap and the shed was also very much damaged.

The great aerial flight round the British Isles, which commenced in the early hours of Sunday morning last, was partly completed yesterday. One Handley-Page machine completed the final stage, but the second machine, which arrived at Hilton Aerodrome, near Pembroke, was prevented from making its last flight owing to a slight mishap, but hopes to continue its journey to Hampshire to-day.

Major Smith and Captain Stewart left Pembroke yesterday morning. Captain Snoop and Lieutenant W. E. F. Jones flew over from Belfast on Monday afternoon.

TRAGEDY OF VEDRINES.

Further particulars of the death of Vedrines are now available.

At noon to-day mid-ocean weather conditions engine suddenly stopped, says Reuter, the airmen nose-dived in the direction of the Rhone, then turned eastwards, finally crashing in a vineyard.

TRANSATLANTIC FLIGHT.

ST. JOHN'S, NEWFOUNDLAND, Tuesday.

At noon to-day mid-ocean weather conditions had not improved, and the experts say there is little prospect of improvement before Thursday.

It is consequently unlikely that any flights will be undertaken before then.—Reuter.

FIRE ENGINES' DASH TO HOUSE OF COMMONS.

Night Watch, However, Quell Minor Outbreak.

It appears that shortly after eight o'clock one of the night watch police on duty observed smoke issuing from an electric cable-box in the committee corridor at the top of the main staircase.

The alarm was given and, in accordance with regulations applying to all State buildings, a district call was sent round.

In the meantime the night watch police extinguished the outbreak with water and sand in a few minutes, no damage having been sustained. The services of the brigade were, therefore, not required.

FRANCE HONOURS NAVY.

Admiral Tryphwilt and his light cruiser squadron and torpedo-boat flotilla had a great reception at Brest, says the Central News, and the Exchange states that Admiral Beatty is due to receive a great welcome in Paris to-day.

'REVOLT IN TURKEY—CHAOS IN HUNGARY.'

Bolshevist Tale of a Bosphorus Soviet.

MURMANSK VICTORY.

Two countries formerly at war with the Entente are each faced with a desperate situation, while the Bolsheviks at Murmansk are faring badly at the hands of General Maynard and his Allies.

The following is the latest position:—
Turkey.—Odessa Bolsheviks report a revolution in Turkey.

Hungary.—Rumanian offensive making considerable headway according to Bela Kun, who declares Hungary is doomed to suffer the fate of the Paris Commune of 1871.

Russia—General Maynard's victory at Lake Vigozero (Murmansk) resulted in guns and much material falling into the Allies' hands. According to a Bolshevik report, the Allies broke through their lines and occupied Vilna.

Following Sebastopol fighting in which the French inflicted severe casualties on the enemy, the latter asked for an armistice.

TURKISH RED REVOLT?

Sovietist authority is said to have been decreed in all the vilayets of Turkey, and a revolutionary committee established in Constantinople.

According to the Bolsheviks the Turkish Consul at Odessa says that the Allies are taking no part in the Communist struggle, and the Turks are turning towards Russia.

The Turkish Consul proposed to organise an exchange of prisoners with revolutionary Russia. The Allies have put difficulties in the way of negotiation.—Exchange.

The Bolsheviks also allege that the Consul has proposed that Revolutionary instructors should be sent to Turkey in order to initiate the struggle for the establishment of Soviets in Turkey.—Wireless Press.

According to one report from Vienna Bela Kun is said to have resigned, and it is stated from another source that his Government has been overthrown.

Serious outbreaks have occurred at Budapest. The Rumanians and Serbians, acting in close cooperation, says an Exchange Paris message, are said to have inflicted a serious defeat on the Communist troops.

Further news from Budapest, says Reuter, states that Bela Kun emphatically denies the overthrow of the Soviet Republic, though the position of the Government has become very difficult.

VIENNA, Tuesday.

All the train services between Vienna and Budapest have been stopped to-day, the measure being supposed to be connected with the action of the Entente against the Hungarian Government, which is directed from Vienna.

INDIAN RIOTERS WRECK RAILWAY STATIONS.

Delhi Agitators in Punjab—Inflammatory Notices to Troops.

The Viceroy, under date April 20, reports:—
Punjab.—Five rioters were killed, twelve arrested in collision already reported with rioters at Chuharkana.

Mobs burnt Sangla Hill Railway Station and Sidhwan Flag Station and damaged Kailthal Station.

On the 15th a mob wrecked Gujrat Station and had to be fired on. All quiet there now.

Master-Gunner E. D. Mallett and Conductor H. R. Selby, I.O.D., the two men murdered at Kasar on the 12th.

Delhi.—Quite quiet, but reported that trouble is being stirred up in neighbouring districts of Punjab by emissaries from Delhi.

United Provinces.—Railway strike has been threatened, but no trouble as yet. Loudly restrained Muslims, though they have strong feeling as to Turkey and cognate questions.

At Meerut have been posted inflammatory notices addressed to troops.

MUNICH SURROUNDED.

COPENHAGEN, Tuesday.

It is reported from Berlin that the Government troops have now practically surrounded Munich and that the Soviet Government must shortly surrender owing to the food supplies being cut off. Severe fighting is taking place.

The Spaniards tried to capture Friedrichshafen and the Zeppelin workshops, but were repulsed with heavy losses. Major Paragun commands the Spartacists.—Central News.

The Munich garrison announces that the Central Council has been deposed.—Reuter.

A warrant has been issued, says the Exchange, for Prince Henry of Prussia, but he has escaped and his whereabouts are not known. He is charged with concealing arms.

YOU SHOULD REGULATE YOUR LIVER

SPRING is here. No one realises it more than the man with a troublesome liver. To tone up the system and safeguard yourself against a return of the old sickness and debility, you will find Ker-nak a real boon. It is two medicines in one, in that it combines valuable tonic and laxative medicines in a single pill.

Ker-nak brings to a sluggish liver, constipated bowels and weak stomach just that strengthening, soothing help needed to put them in an active healthy state.

Ker-nak

Given new strength and vitality by Ker-nak, the system quickly frees itself of the poisonous Spring impurities which cause you to feel bilious, low spirited and run down, and suffer from headaches, dizziness, indigestion, bad complexion and loss of sleep. Ker-nak soon enables you to forget that you ever had a liver.

1/3 or 3/- a box at all Chemists and Drug Stores, or if your chemist is out of stock, post free for same prices direct from The Ker-nak Natural Remedy, Ltd., Leeds.

THE MOST WONDERFUL VALUE IN THE RAINCOAT WORLD

You will want a new Raincoat sooner or later, and it is the matter of only a few days, and then buy the first you see. If you seek greater style and greater value the Coat for you is the beautiful, styled, proper fitting "AFTER" Raincoat. It is only because we are the actual Manufacturers that we can afford to sell them at the astonishingly low price of

29/6

So don't delay another day, and if you are not perfectly satisfied we will refund your money. Make in relation to the Galveston Club, in various shades, a fully lined, check fabric, with smart belt, and a Gent's, Youth's & Maid's all in stock. Write to-day for Free Patterns and Full Size Booklet.

SARTOR MANUFACTURING CO.,
(Dept. 5), 53, Oxford Rd., MANCHESTER.



"Why do I always use POND'S, Dear?"

BECAUSE it is the one pure cream that tones and nourishes the skin—that keeps the hands soft and white and prevents the complexion. It is the safeguard of the skin health.

Applied with the finger tip at night and morning, and just before going out, the cream 'vanishes' by absorption, leaving the skin delightfully perfumed with the fragrance of Jacqueminot roses. Free from grease and stickiness, it never shows on the face save the sense of softness and bloom.

Of all Chemists and Stores, POND'S—the original—Vanishing Cream, in Oval Jars with Aluminium Screw Caps, 12s. and 6s. Many beautiful women recommend it, including Miss Nettie Terry, Miss Violet Vanhook, Miss Constance Collier, and Madame Kirby Lunn.

Pond's Vanishing Cream
POND'S EXTRACT CO., Dept. 36, 71, Southampton Row, London, W.C.1.

MAN WITH THE TERRIFYING GAZE

Story of Paris Bluebeard's Sixth "Victim."

MYSTERY OF A CAT.

From Our Own Correspondent.
PARIS, Tuesday.

"I do not know what is the matter with me. . . I am afraid. . . But I shall write to you."

As she got into the train with Landru at the Gare des Invalides, these were the last words that Mme. Annette Pascal whispered to her most intimate friend, Mme. Carbonnel.

As stated yesterday, Mme. Pascal is the sixth presumed victim of the "Bluebeard" of Gambais, and hers in perhaps the strangest story of them all. For in this case there are two women, there is a double flirtation, and the man is unable to decide between them.

Very dark, tall, slender and elegant, Mme. Pascal was probably the most beautiful of Landru's "victims." Her married life was unhappy, and, after separation from her husband, she in 1916 lived in Paris with her niece, Mile. Marie-Jeanne Fauchet, a girl of about twenty.

The niece was destined to be the second woman in the case.

MATRIMONY ADVERTISEMENT

How "Engineer of Lille" Met and Made Love to Aunt and Niece.

Not long after her return, at the beginning of 1917, a matrimonial advertisement brought Landru to her door.

He came as M. Lucien Forest de Barzieux, and described himself as an engineer of Lille, awaiting the liberation of his property in that town.

At that time Mme. Pascal was very prosperous, employing many workgirls in her establishment; but despite this attraction Bluebeard shared his favours equally between the aunt and the niece.

Frequently he brought presents. For Mme. Pascal, cakes and old wines; for Mile. Fauchet, armfuls of costly flowers.

For more than a year this double philandering continued.

The two women were full of enthusiasm for this charming man.

They called him "the indiarubber man" and "Robert Houdin" in recognition of his cleverness as a contortionist.

But gradually, unknown to the niece, an understanding was springing up between the older woman and Landru.

"HE FRIGHTENS ME."

Mme. Pascal Tells Friend of the Impression Landru Made Upon Her.

"I do not know what to make of that man," Mme. Pascal told her friend. "He is charming. . . But he frightens me. I cannot look at him without trembling."

Yesterday evening, after the dinner, he made me sit in an armchair, while he unloosed my hair and made of it a mantle. (She had very long and beautiful tresses.) Then he knelt and took my hands, looking fixedly into my eyes.

"For a time he remain'd silent, looking at me. And then he began to whisper, 'Annette! Annette, I am the man you are waiting for. . . I am your master, and you belong to me!'"

"His intense gaze disturbed me. I cannot explain what I experienced. Everything turned about me. . . I seemed to see diabolical lights, and I must have lost consciousness, for I remember nothing more!"

"I do not want to see the man again. His gaze is terrifying you. You would say it was the devil looking at you."

At Easter, 1918, Landru proposed to entertain the niece at Gambais for a few days, but the aunt preferred to go herself. On returning to Paris she complained of being frightened by gunfire and aerial bombs.

M. Forest de Barzieux (Landru) had offered her a refuge in the country, which she had decided to accept.

On the journey she carried a black and white cat, and it is worthy of remark that the body of a cat has been found near the dogs of Mile. Marchadier.

It is remembered, too, that when Landru was questioned last week concerning the bodies of the three dogs he replied evasively, and added the following statement:—

"Three dogs signify nothing. If you search further you may find a cat. What does that prove?"

SEARCH FOR A BOY.

Landru's Son Says His Father Is Victim of Dual Personality.

Where is Roger Gullin, aged ten, who is mentioned among the private papers of Landru? Examination of private papers shows that names in a book belonging to Charles Gullin, who died in December, 1912, have been erased. The book now bears the name of Charles Gullin, one of Landru's aliases.

Among the names registered in it is that of Roger Gullin, born 1899; and for this child the police are making an exhaustive search.

Interest is aroused by the announcement that at the time of his arrest the accused carried a gold pencil-case that belonged to Mme. Cuchet's sister, who disappeared with his mother.

"The newspapers are cruel to those whom misfortune oppresses," says young Charles Landru. "They suggest; they almost accuse. But, tell me, am I to suspect my father?"

He declared that Bluebeard is the victim of a dual personality.

STOPPED 'RED' TRAIN.

How Suffolk's Gunner Helped at a Critical Moment.

USSURI DISTRICT EPISODE.

"In recognition of his services in command of E42, which carried out a successful attack on the German battle-cruiser Moltke on April 25, 1918, Lieutenant G. H. Allen is given the D.S.O.," states the London Gazette.

Among other awards are the C.M.G. to Captain J. V. Fairie, R.N., and the D.S.O. to Commander J. W. Scott for actions at Pechenga.

J.M.S. Suffolk's 12-pounder guns did magnificent work during the battle in the Ussuri district, in the Amur region. Commander (now Captain) James Wolfe Murray, R.N., of the Suffolk, becomes D.S.O. and Captain John Arthur Bath, R.M.L.I., receives the D.S.O.

Fought Armoured Train.—Belonging to the same ship, Mr. Gunner Moffatt, R.N., has received the D.S.C. "Mr. Moffatt set a high example of bravery under fire, and prevented the enemy's armoured train from advancing at a critical period."

STOWAWAYS' £100 BRIBE.

Russians' Secret Trip From Rotterdam—Captured by Germans.

From Our Own Correspondent.

LIVERPOOL, Tuesday. When three Russian stowaways were charged at Liverpool to-day with stowing away aboard a steamer from Rotterdam to Manchester, it was stated that the men paid £100 to members of the crew for securing them on the ship.

On arrival at Liverpool the men were arrested. Prisoners, who formerly lived in London, went to Russia to fight, but on arrival at Archangel they found the Kerensky revolution in full swing. No further men being required for the Russian Army, they were set free and journeyed to the Ukraine at the expense of the Russian Government.

They were captured in the Ukraine by the Germans. They had been interned as Englishmen for ten months, and had been sent with returning British war prisoners to Rotterdam.

The stipendiary took into consideration that the men had been twelve days on remand, ordered them to go to prison for seven days' hard labour.

DEARER TOBACCO?

Stocks Inadequate to Meet the Enormous Increase of Sales.

The cost of raw tobacco was referred to yesterday by Mr. Joseph Phillips at a meeting of Godfrey Phillips and Company.

The stocks of raw leaf in bond were inadequate now, he said, to meet the enormous increase of sales. Fresh stocks had to be obtained at double and treble pre-war prices.

To add to their difficulties, the Chancellor of the Exchequer had still further increased the duties on tobacco.

OTHER PEOPLES' MONEY.

Bequest of Valuable Pictures to Corporation of Liverpool.

Miss Margaret Harrison, of Dean Hill, Matlock, Derby, who left estate of the gross value of £23,445, bequeathed £2,500 to the Church Missionary Society for the support of a missionary in India or Africa, and the remainder for St. Giles' Benefaction Fund for the distribution at Christmas of blankets and coats to poor and needy spinners and widows over fifty years of age in the parish.

Mrs. Harriet Newman, of Oakfield, Roby, near Liverpool, left property of the gross value of £53,808 18s. 11d. She left various sums to charity and also two pictures, "A Lady" and "A Girl and Dog," supposed to have been painted by either Sir Joshua Reynolds or Gainsborough, to the Corporation of the City of Liverpool.

LONDON MARCH OF 5,000 ANZACS.

Australian troops for the march through London on Anzac Day (Friday) will assemble in the Mall.

The march will begin at 10.30, past the front of the Palace, down Buckingham Palace-road and up Victoria-street, to the Mansion House. Five thousand troops will take part.

The march is quite apart from that of the Dominion troops' victory march on May 3.



The Children's Future

EDUCATION is one of the things on which it will not pay you to economise. When your little ones reach school age you will be glad to be able to give them the best possible start in life.

Then again, as they grow older the time may come when the possession of two or three hundred pounds may make all the difference to their future. It may decide whether your boy can continue his training for one of the great professions—whether your girl shall enter for an advanced course, or go abroad for a year or two to study languages.

Without the money you will not be able to give the children the chance they deserve and which you will want them to have. Make sure that you WILL have the money. Begin now to buy

Savings CERTIFICATES

and buy them week by week. If you make a habit of buying Certificates REGULARLY, you will not feel the immediate loss of the money. Invest it in Savings Certificates and your savings will increase at the rate of 5½% Compound Interest.

There is no safer, more profitable, or more convenient way of laying up a fund for the future.



DUKE'S SWEETS EVERYWHERE

DUKE'S

NOT FRUIT SQUARES ARE DELICIOUS

DUKE'S SWEETS PLEASE EVERYBODY

Eczema

CURED BY
Cadum
Ointment

Mrs. KIDD, 12, Victoria-road, Middlesbrough, writes: "Eczema and ulcers on my legs caused me martyrdom for 12 years. Some of the ulcers were the size of a two-shilling piece. Several remedies were tried and the

ulcers cauterised, but they broke out again badly. When I applied Cadum Ointment, the irritation stopped at once, and in a few weeks I was completely cured."

Cadum Ointment cures pimples, sores, eczema, rash, irritation, blotches, chafing, scaly skin, cuts and other skin troubles, and has proved a blessing to many who for years have suffered agonies. It begins healing with the first application. 1/3 of all Chemists,



Daily Mirror

WEDNESDAY, APRIL 23, 1919.

WHEN SHALL WE GET TO WORK?

THE streets seemed yesterday to be thronged still with holiday people, all pursuing their way contentedly, as though nothing remained to be done in life, for ever, except stroll about and spend much money in restaurants, shops, and theatres. Good luck to them, fortunate folk!

We know, we feel, that humanity needs more leisure and brightness, after all that has happened. But, alas, these needs are rarely the measure of capacity. We want what we can't get. Or, to put it more accurately, many or most of us have had a fairly good holiday and more than usual have had money to spend. The result seems to be, as the Lord Chancellor recently said, that "we like it."

But there are cross claims. Destiny and Nature and the other stern directors of things human never seem to take holidays. And at present—as the coming Budget remind us—they are presenting us with a gigantic Bill.

That Bill can only be met by realising, first, that it exists; and this the happy holiday crowds and loiterers are evidently far from doing. And when the Bill is realised, then it can only be paid by work and saving. Spending and no work are at present the favoured rules.

Unfortunately the authorities encourage all this.

Illimitably, recklessly they waste money themselves. Also, quite without need, they are preparing yet another Peace Beano for the summer.

Let them set a good example by really beginning at last to stop waste in Government departments, and also by reducing the Beano plans to a minimum. For if the do-nothing and spend-all habits get much more firmly fixed upon us we shall have to meet that Bill by Bankruptcy. That is evident. And what is equally evident is that nobody seems to care!

ANOTHER HITCH?

THE great difference between the hitch at the Peace Conference over Italian claims in the Adriatic—*il mare nostro* as the Italian jingoes call it—and other earlier hitches is that here the claim of one of our friends and Allies collides with those of another: Italians against Jugo-Slavs.

That is why the Fiume, and Trieste, and Valona and Dalmatian questions are a test for the Conference. They demand the use of a new spirit—the spirit of permanent peace.

Italy's jingoes, misrepresenting the fine Italian people, cannot show this spirit. The Adriatic Sea is to be "theirs." They want to take all and keep it. We hear their ravings in the pseudo-literary trash of Signor D'Annunzio's recent outbursts of imbecility.

Italian pseudo-imperialism has no excuse. It simply represents arming against a new and little nation—the Jugo-Slavs. Italy has nothing to fear henceforward from Austria. Formerly her jingoes' claims pretended to be defensive. Now they are plainly aggressive. And all the time their folly is exhibited by the stricken and starved state of Southern Italy and Sicily. If only people would set their own houses in order instead of stealing other people's!

The Italian people will see to it.

We feel certain that the worthy heirs of Mazzini will not support any statesman or Government that threatens to throw up the work of permanent peace for the sake of a predatory gain against a people quite obviously weaker than themselves. W. M.

A THOUGHT FOR TO-DAY.

It is not possible for a man to be virtuous without strict veracity.—Lord Chesterfield.

THE DEARTH OF SHAKESPEAREAN ACTORS.

CAUSES FOR THE FAILURE TO SPEAK THE POET'S VERSE.

By VAUGHAN DRYDEN.

AT last there has appeared an actress who openly admits that she does not feel equal to playing Juliet or Rosalind!

This is Miss Gladys Cooper; and the reasons she gives for this reluctance are quite sound. A severe form of training—she declares—is necessary for Shakespearean drama. No performer can speak blank verse by instinct; the proper delivery of the poet's lines must be acquired by a course of study, followed by a severe apprenticeship, such as that provided for the young French artist at the Conservatoire.

These are words of wisdom from lips that have appeared upon a million picture postcards; and they should be laid to heart by the ambitious but indolent young actor or actress. For it may be observed in passing that it is

such that Sir Herbert Tree had to go without butter on his bread.

This shows that a commercial success can be made with plays from Stratford-on-Avon, as well as with those from New York.

Managers are so used to run ovine after any type of play which seems to succeed that I wonder they do not take heed of these things. There must be a reason.

Can that reason be a dearth of actors who can play Shakespeare?

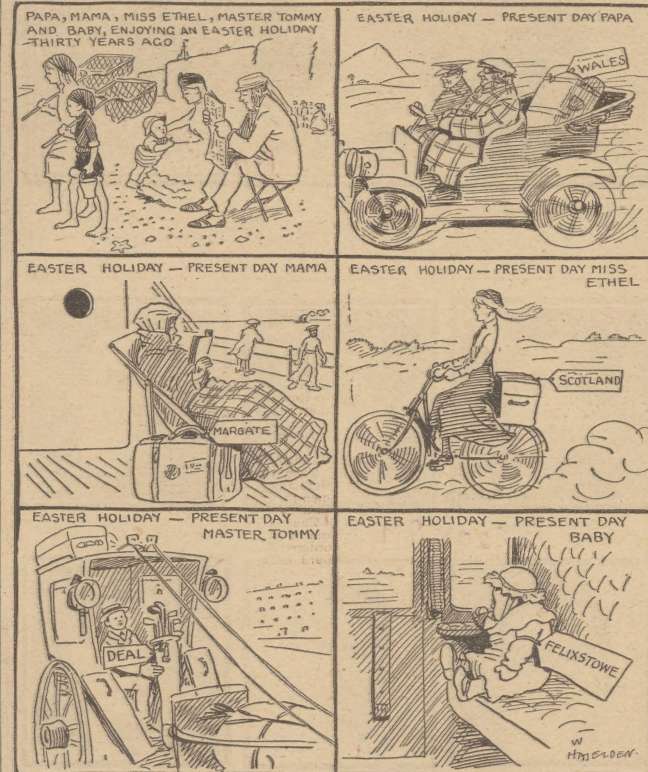
Here we have the vicious circle again!

THEY HAVE NO TRAINING!

There is no training-ground in which young players can learn the right delivery of the poet's music. And until managers play Shakespeare as a regular thing there can be no such school.

Who will be the manager, or managers, to ensure us Londoners a fairly continuous supply of Shakespeare? I say managers in the plural advisedly, for it is ridiculous to suppose that London could not support two or three or more theatres playing Shakespeare

MUST WE GO "ALL TOGETHER" ON A HOLIDAY?



Our complaint that Easter holidays are spoilt by the habit of taking them "all together" has met with wide agreement from our readers. Our cartoonist holds, however, that as regards families, at least, holidays are not taken together at all in these days. They were in Victoria's time.

quite possible for ambition to co-exist with distaste for effort; and, in fact, quite a number of people hanker for the palm without the dust.

It is worthy of notice that the greatest poet of all time is represented in the capital of England, his country, at this moment by one production. (I say nothing of special performances.) Obviously there is not much encouragement for the aspiring young his encouragement to devote himself to the study of Shakespeare. He has neither an academy in which to study nor an audience to whom to display the results of his labours.

And neither of these desirable things seems to be on the way, either!

Of course, the stock excuse of the manager is that "people will not go to see Shakespeare." But in their perverse way, "people" crammed the Court for weeks when "Twelfth Night" was produced, and are now causing the "House full" boards to be displayed every night outside the Lyric, where is played "Romeo and Juliet." And I have not heard that the results of the Shakespearean productions at His Majesty's were

simultaneously. The crowds filling the Court recently, and the Lyric at the moment, prove that.

Surely there must be a few ambitious young actors about who would welcome the chance of a course of Shakespeare study. The Court production showed that we have a nucleus of players competent to interpret sweet Will. And with a continuous series of Shakespearean revivals the others would be "coming on." Surely all the young players are not wedded to the hands-in-pockets, lounge-and-mumble modern comedy!

What does Mr. C. B. Cochran say?

The heart and brain that were not afraid of producing "The Miracle" and "Cyrano de Bergerac" could not jib at Shakespeare, especially when, in spite of lying old tags to the contrary, it is surely proved Shakespeare can spell success.

Anyhow, somebody ought to do something, when we have the disgraceful spectacle of only one London theatre playing Shakespeare on the poet's birthday. And that is only a chance. We might have had no Shakespeare at all.

"OUR NOISY GIRLS."

ARE THEY LESS MODEST THAN THE MAJORITY OF MEN?

HIGHER PITCHED VOICES.

I CANNOT let pass, unopposed, "H. N.'s" remarks against our girls.

As a mother of three myself, I have only found them in any way noisy when in the company of their men friends, and then, should their voices carry further, it is because they are higher pitched.

In many cases, in fact, I have noticed them exercise a subduing influence. M. M. M. Chelsea.

THE FLAPPER'S FAULT?

ABOLISH the flapper and there will be no complaints as to our girls being noisier.

The flapper, by her generally hysterical and foolish behaviour, disgraces her sex in the eyes of the world.

As she is not really responsible for her actions (any doctor will tell us this), let the flapper be put under close restraint until certified as cured of the hysteria which now troubles her. REMEDY.

HE IS DISGUSTED.

IT is not surprising that our men returning home after a long absence in the various theatres of war should view with apprehension the change which has come over the younger members of the opposite sex.

Expecting to find the modest and unassuming girls they left behind, they find instead these loud-voiced brazen caricatures who represent the majority of the girls of to-day.

It is all very well talking of their useful qualities, but give me the clinging and essentially feminine girl of yesterday. DISGUSTED.

"COMPULSORY LONG ENGAGEMENTS." WHEN a soldier returns to England on leave there is probably a glamour of "khaki" to the lady arising from the fact that "he" has just returned from the front, together with the thought that he is shortly returning to the Great Uncertainty.

Further, I think that many prospective brides are apt to expect a continuance of conditions prevalent to those of his "leave," when financial matters did not enter into consideration.

This, of course, is impossible, for it must not be expected that the young husband is in the same position as "her" father, who has the knowledge, experience and position of many years behind him.

I feel confident that if a fiancée were seriously to consider the man's problem who has been away four or a half years—time lost to securing a financial basis—"she" might then embark upon matrimony in a frame of mind less ambitious for expensive pleasures, temporarily curtailed, until his basis is secure, and she would then make allowances for the man who cannot fight for his country and create a desired position simultaneously, though his intentions may be of the best.

Then compulsory long engagements would not be necessary. Ex-CAPTAIN.

SMOKING IN CHURCH.

I WAS glad to see in Saturday's issue of The Daily Mirror "Undergrad's" letter on this subject. When, a few days ago, I saw the original intimation that a certain guardian of the Church had actually suggested that smoking might be allowed, my first impulse was to write an indignant letter, but I abandoned the subject as unthinkable!

To think it is sacrilege!

But, for our purpose, let the imagination develop the idea.

Just as a son to the senses, we admit into the sanctuary this unclean thing; we transform divine worship into a smoking concert.

How vile! Taking a broader view of the smoking habit, in moderation it is dirty, and in excess it is disgusting! It is as insidious and enslaving as drink, and it is becoming more and more pernicious. Perhaps one of its worst features is the extent to which it has already gripped our young girls. When a woman imitates a man she usually caricatures him, so we have girl-smokers becoming girl-dopers. Wm. H. P.

ST. GEORGE'S DAY.

This royal throne of kings, this sceptred isle, This earth of majesty, this seat of Mars, This other Eden, demi-paradise, This fortress built by Nature for herself Against infection and the hand of war, This happy breed of men, this little world, This precious stone set in the silver sea, Which serves it in the office of a wall Or as a moat defensive to a house, Against the envy of less happier lands, This blessed plot, this earth, this realm, This England. SHAKESPEARE.

IN MY GARDEN.

APRIL 22.—If the rock garden has not yet been given attention, the work should be completed without delay. Clear away all rubbish and then gently stir the soil between the plants. A too dressing of good sandy mould will improve the appearance of the rockery and also benefit the growth of alpine, etc.

Ivy growing on walls should be clipped well back this week. Very soon the new leaves will appear. Sow more hardy annuals now; nasturtiums need poor ground if they are to produce flowers freely. E. F. T.

LONDON AMUSEMENTS.

ADELPHI.—W. H. BERRY. "THE BOY."
To-day, at 2 and 8. Mats. Wed and Sat, at 2.
AMBASSADORS.—I. P. WHITE in new song "US."
Evenings, 8.20. Mats. Tues. Fri. and Sat., 2.45.
APOLLO.—Gerr. 3245. 6 Evenings, at 8. Mats. Tues, Fri.
and Sat., 2.30. OH, JOY! New Musical Play.
BEECHAM OPERA SEASON. Drury Lane—To-day, 2.30.
a Bohème. To-night, 8.15. "PARIS UP." A Musical
Comedy—Evenings, at 8.15. Mats. Mon. Fri. Sat., 2.30.
COMEDY.—Evenings, at 8.15. "PARIS UP." A Musical
Comedy—Evenings, at 8.15. Mats. Mon. Fri. Sat., 2.30.
COURT.—Nightly, 7.45. Mats. Weds. and Thurs., 2.15.
School for Scandal. "Twelfth Night," Sat., 2.15.
CRITERION.—Nightly, 8.30. "OUR MR. BEPPE WHITE."
Mats. Tues. Thurs. Sat., 2.30.
DALYS.—THE MAID OF THE MOUNTAINS.
Nightly, at 8. Mats. Tues. Thurs. Sat., 2.30.
DUKE OF YORKS.—Eva. 8. Mats. Tues. Thurs. Sat., 2.30.
Eric Lewis, His Boy. Mats. Tues. Thurs. Sat., 2.30.
GARRICK.—Eves. 8. Mats. Weds. and Sat., 2.30. C. B.
Cochran presents Robert Lorraine at Gaiety Theatre.
GLOBE.—Marie Lohr. At 2.15 and 8.15. "VICTORY," by
B. M. Hastings. Mats. Weds. and Sat., at 2.15.
HAYMARKET.—To-day, 2.30 and 8. "UNCLE SAM."
A Comedy of American Life. Mat. Wed. Th. Sat., 2.30.
HIS MAJESTY'S.—2.15 and 7.50. "CHU CHIN CHOW."
Nightly, 7.30. Mats. Mon. Wed. Thurs. Sat., 2.15.
LONDON PAVILION.—C. B. Cochran. As YOU
WILL. Eves. 8.20. Mat. Wed. and Sat., 2.20.
LYCEUM.—"THE FEMALE HUN."
Twice Daily, 2.30 and 7.50. Gerrard 7617.
LYRIC.—DORIS KEANE in "ROMEO AND JULIET."
EVENING. Eves. 8. Mats. Weds. and Sat., 2.15.
LYRIC HAMMERSMITH.—Eves. 8. Mats. Wed. Thurs. Sat.,
2.30. ABRAHAM LINCOLN. by John Drinkwater.
MASKELVINE'S THEATRE OF MYSTERY.—Easter Pro-
gramme, at 5 and 8. 6. to 10. May 1919.
NEW.—Nightly, at 8. "THE CHINESE PUZZLE." Ethel
Tracy, L. Brinkley, L. M. Lion. Mats. M. Th. Sat., 2.30.
NEW.—5 additional Mats weekly. Tues. Wed. Fri. 2.30.
TIME TO WAKE UP! Clara Greet, Fir. White.
OXFORD.—Eves. 8.30. "IN THE NIGHT WATCH."
Madge Titheradge. Mat. Mon. Wed. and Sat., 2.30.
PRINCE OF WALES.—Nightly, at 8. "THE NAUGHTY WIFE."
Chas. Hawtre, Gladys Cooper. Mats. Thurs. Sat., 2.30.
PRINCES.—At 2.15 and 8. MONSIEUR BEAUCOURE.
Andre Messager's Romantic Opera. Mat. Wed. Sat., 2.15.
QUEEN'S.—Evenings, at 8.15. Wed. and Sat., at 2.30.
ROYALTY.—8.15. Mat. Th. Sat., 2.30. CESAR'S WIFE, by
W. S. Maugham. Fanny Compton, C. A. Smith, Eva Moore.
ST. JAMES.—Gertrude Elliott in "EYES OF YOUTH."
To-day, 2.30 and 8.30. Mats. Wed. and Sat., at 2.30.
ST. MARTIN'S.—Ger. 1245. "THE VERY IDEA."
Eves. at 9. Mats. Tues. Fri. and Sat., at 2.30.
STROY.—Ger. 3266. "BUSINESS BEFORE PLEASURE."
With York and Leonard. 2.15, 8. Mats. Wed. Th. Sat.,
2.30. "THE PURPLE MASK."
SCALA.—Mats. Thurs. Sat., 2.30. Last Week.
SHAFTESBURY.—"YES, UNCLE!" Musical Comedy.
Eves. 8. Mat. Wed. and Sat., at 2.
STRAND.—ARTHUR BOURCHIER in "SCANDAL."
Evenings, 8. Mats. Wed. Thurs. Sat., 2.30.
VAUDEVILLE.—At 8.15. Nelson Keys in "BUZZ BUZZ."
Benny, Margaret Bannerman. Mon. To. Th. Fri. S. 2.30.
WYNDHAM'S.—"THE LAW DIVINE." A Comedy, by H. V.
Esmond. 2.30 and 8.15. Mats. Tues. Wed. Sat., 2.30.
ALHAMBRA.—Eves. 8. Mats. Tues. Thurs. Sat., 2.15.
Bing Boys on Broadway. Last Week.
COLISEUM.—Ger. 7641. 2.30, 7.45. Loie Fuller's
Dancing Serpents. To-day, Thurs. and Sat., 2.30.
HIPPODROME.—London. 2.30, 8.30. "JOY-BELLS."
HILARY KELLOGG, GEO. ROBEY, etc. Gerr. 7641.
THE PALACE.—Eves. 8. Mats. Wed. Sat., 2.30. "HELLO
AMERICA!" Elsie Janis, M. Chevalier, Stanley Lupino.
PALLADIUM.—2.30, 8 and 8.45. Wilkie. Rev. E. L.
Lindsay and Co. Percy Honri. Whit. Cunliffe, M. Blanche.
PHILHARMONIC HALL. Gt. Portland-st. WITH CAPT.
SCOTT IN THE ANTARCTIC. 2.30, 8.15.
GRAFTON GALLERIES. W.—R.A.F. Exhibition. "War
in the Air." Monthly Band. Daily, 10-6. Sun. 2.30-5.30.
NEW GALLERY KINEMA.—Mabel Normand in "Joan of
Whitcomb." Charlie Chaplin, Sidney Drew, etc.
QUEEN'S (SMALL HALL). Tea Dance, 4 p.m. (to 6d.).
Evening Dance, 8 p.m. Evg. Dress (to 6d.). Jazz Band.
PICCADILLY HOTEL.—The Danants. 3.30-8.30
p.m.: Evening Dances, 9.12-30. Entrance, Grill-room lift.
ROMNEY ROOMS. adl. Shaftesbury Hotel, Shaftesbury-
Av.—Cherry, Select Dances, Tues. Thurs. Sat., 8.30-12.

PERSONAL.

HEARTSEASE.—No home, write here, Happy Easter—
Darling.
WROTE. arranged meeting 17th. Letters intercepted.
Goodbye—A. C.
PARADISE. Birds and Plumage required—Write, giving
full particulars, to P. B. 4, Beakst, Regent-st. W. 1.
SUPERFLUOUS. Hair permanently removed from face
with electricity. Ladies only. Miss Florence Wood, 20,
Graville-garden, Shepherd's Bush Green, W. 2.
BUCKINGHAMSHIRE. Lace Handkerchiefs, 5s. 6d. each;
1 for 10s.; edging one inch deep, corners turned—Mrs.
Armstrong, Lace Industry, Olney, Bucks.
CHIVERS. Carpet Soap clean carpets like new. Sold
everywhere. Sample 2d. stamps—Chivers, 22, Albany
Works, Bath.

WANTED TO PURCHASE.

ARTIFICIAL TEETH. sold bought—Messrs. Brown &
Co. dental manufacturers, 65, Oxford-st., London, W. 1.
the original firm, who do not advertise misleading prices;
call or post and receive full value per return, or other mode
established 100 years.
OLD False Teeth, Jewellery, etc.—Highest possible value
given or offers by return. If not accepted goods re-
turned immediately, post free. Platinum Scrap, £16 per
—Rayburn and Co., 105, Market-st., Manchester.
URGENTLY Needed.—All kinds Ladies' Gent's cast-
off clothing; cash sent immediately. Est. 60 years—
Mrs. H. Walker, 106, Etheldred-st., Kennington, London.

SITUATIONS VACANT.

BIG Salaries.—Good Positions for Youths from 15 in the
Cable and Wireless Services. Mod. fees. Apply for
Prospectus, D.M. London Telegraph Training College, 43a
Earl's Court-rd, S.W. 5.

ARTIFICIAL TEETH.

LADY BEID'S Teeth Society, Ltd.—Gas 2s., Artificial
Teeth at Hospital, Prices—52s., Oxford-st., Marble
Arch. Tel. Mayfair 5559. Hours, 10 to 7.

A MIDLAND WAR MEMORIAL.



Lord Charnwood planting a tree on the summit of Barr Beacon, which commands extensive views of the Midlands. It has been given by Colonel J. H. Wilkinson to Birmingham, Sutton Coldfield and Walsall, on condition that a war memorial is erected there to the men of the Staffordshire and Warwickshire Regiments who fell in action.



Frank. Philip. Fred.



Ernest. Eddie. Bert, D.C.M.

SIX MONS BROTHERS.—The brothers Marsh, of 42, Kentmere-road, Plumstead, S.E. 18, who were all in the great retreat, challenge any six Navy or Army brothers to a football or hockey match, all the proceeds to be devoted to charity. Their father served twenty years in the Army.—(Exclusive to The Daily Mirror.)



BOOKMAKERS IN KHAKI.—Soldiers on leave, pending demobilisation, resume their old occupation of bookmaking. The photograph was taken at the Birmingham race meeting.

Picture-News
from
Everywhere

SUNDAY PICTORIAL

ALL THE NEWS in pictures that have been expressed from every corner of the globe in which interesting things are happening—world history photographed while it is being made and on your breakfast table every Sunday morning.

The "Sunday Pictorial" gives this as well as the reading matter contained in an ordinary newspaper. And it has week by week the penetrating and pungent comments of Mr. Horatio Bottomley, M.P., on current affairs, in politics, in industry, and in social life: with those of specialists of every kind dealing with the questions of the day as they arise.

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Street, London.

OUR UNDER-PAID SCHOOL TEACHERS.

THE ROOT SCANDAL OF OUR EDUCATION SYSTEM.

By AN ASSISTANT-MASTER.

The Annual Conference of the National Union of Teachers calls attention to the important question of teachers' pay.

"NEVER," said Mr. Lloyd George, "were John Knox's words truer than in these days of scientific progress that, 'Every scholar made is an addition to the wealth of the community.'"

But how does the community respond to this human coinage? By starving the craftsman who makes it. By despising his calling, by rating him in wages below that of the bricklayer or the plumber.

Think of the big, prosperous English county, where I found nine teachers, not one of whom received as much pay as the school caretaker—a miner's wife, whose war bonus brought her income up to 38s. 6d. a week!

There are 200 teachers employed at 10s. a week; one hundred certificated men and women who work for less than 30s. per week and 8,624 for less than £2 a week; 71,394 certificated teachers receive less than £3 a week.

No wonder teaching is a dying profession, socially snubbed alike in town and country.

It's a hard, dreary career of the blind-alley sort—say, in the back street of a provincial town, or in a London slum, battling with neglected children. And in the rural areas the teacher is often looked upon as a general-utility man out of school hours.

HEADMASTER—£90 PER ANNUM.

Pick up a scholastic paper and run your eye down the "ads." . . . "Wanted, a trained and certificated headmaster. Salary, £90 per annum." . . . "Supply teacher, male or female. Certificated—27s. 6d. per week." And the master of a big urban school in Surrey, a friend of my own, and exempted from the Army as quite unfit, got a fierce demand from Bureaucracy a few weeks later asking when would he take up "work of national importance?"

Well, some 13,000 of us did take up such work—in khaki, you understand! Over a thousand of us laid down our lives for the Cause; and you may be sure the demobilised teachers do not like facing a blackboard with these outrageous conditions unaltered.

We teachers make no great fuss, being modest, well-bred folk with no love for upstart and Bolshevik agitation. But I say we're getting out; there will soon be a famine in school help.

To maintain the profession 30,000 new recruits are needed each year; last year's contingent was only 6,900! The National Union, of which Sir James Yoxall, M.P., is secretary, has 94,000 members.

"The male teacher," our Minister of Education told the House of Commons—as though it were a startling fact he sprang upon them!—"must be able to marry, and bring up a family without perpetual financial anxiety."

GOOD TEACHING—GOOD GOVERNMENT.

How is he to do this, when the county committees so condemn the teacher, that—as in rich Surrey's case—they give an increase of £150 a year to their land agent and a "rise" of 11d. a week to the headmaster of one of their largest schools!

"Teaching," says Mr. H. A. Fisher, "must be made a liberal profession, rather than low-grade labour. . . . I believe that education lies at the root of happiness for every people. Worthy education is impossible where inferior teaching forces are employed; and only inferior teaching forces can be secured where inferior pay is offered. Where teaching is inferior good government cannot be expected."

I know a girl whose full seven years' training got her a post at £2 a week. And what is that worth to-day?

That girl lives in one room; she cooks her own food—poor food at that—and can only afford the plainest of school dresses, and no other kind. She knows no recreation.

At sixty-five she may retire on a pension of a guinea a week.

Can it really be that Britain will continue to treat in this way the men and women who shape the bodies and souls of her people in the new day? We don't ask a jockey's wage. Our quiet demand is that public opinion shall lift us at least into the category of "skilled labour."

We now suggest, with Ruskin, that "among national manufactures that of souls of good quality may at last turn out quite a leadingly lucrative one."

ARE WOMEN REALLY LAZY BY NATURE?

REBELLION AND NOT INDOL- ENCE THE TROUBLE.

By ELIZABETH WARD.

"IT'S laziness. Women are naturally 'lazy'!"

That was the comment of a man on the present state of affairs.

So reliable an authority as Viscountess Rhonda states that more than half a million women workers at present are receiving unemployment allowances, and that probably an additional million of industrial women are out of employment just now.

Out-of-work pay is being received by women who refuse to resume labour on various pleas, but during the past four years these women have not been lazy. Far from it.

There have been parasite women in every century and in every civilisation; there have likewise been rebels, and it seems to me that there is more rebellion than laziness in the attitude of women to-day, who flatly refuse to return to former conditions of labour.

Woman has never been an idler.

When savage man hunted, fished or fought, it was savage woman who prepared the food and sought out roots and herbs for accompaniment to the flesh her lord brought home.

With the advance of civilisation, mechanical inventions have changed not only the social conditions, but the mental outlook of women.

One finds a few rosy-cheeked dairymaids in Dorset, but the separator performs the tasks which Tess and Hetty Priddle used to do.

And, as the old-time occupations of women

have been superseded by mechanical aids, women have turned their attention to other fields of labour, and, slowly but surely, have begun to reconstruct their lives and to adapt their mode of thought to altered conditions.

During the past four years women have worked side by side with men, and short of doing the actual fighting, have shared all dangers.

There has been equality in duty and labour. "I was a general servant four years ago," said a quiet-voiced girl to me the other day. "Do you think I can go back to that after working on the land? No."

Yet no one will say that farm work is easy. It was not because she shirked hard work this girl preferred her newer occupation. Another girl, also a domestic servant, before the war, has been working in a munition factory, but now out of work, told me bluntly she would never take up her old employment.

"There's no man would stand the things some girls had to put up with in the old days," she said. "It's not being a servant I mind—I've been a paid servant of the country—it's the individual slavery that riles girls who can think for themselves."

It was several minutes before I grasped what she meant. As servants to a common cause, or working under general rules and under recognised conditions, it was not labour she minded. She wished to work, one of a great economic whole, not bound in individual thrall.

Women know the conditions under which they laboured before the war. They will not go back to these. Conditions must be changed.

No, women are not lazy. At the moment, however, many of them are rebels.



PIONEER SAND ARTIST.—Joseph Jackson, aged seventy-three, has made his pitch at Exmouth. He trained many of the men in the same business.

FIRST OVER ATLANTIC—STEAM AND AIR.

THE PIONEER STEAM CROSSING ONLY 81 YEARS AGO TO-DAY.

By CLIFFORD HOSKEN.

TO-DAY we are all eagerly watching the Atlantic weather reports and speculating as to the chances of the first Atlantic crossing by air.

On this day eighty-one years ago the first non-stop Atlantic crossing under steam from England to America was completed.

Then, as now, there was a race to be first across.

The two competitors were the steamships Sirius and Great Western.

Sirius started first. She left London on March 28, 1838, called at Cork and arrived off New York in the middle of the night of April 22-23.

She beat Great Western by a short head, for this vessel, although she did not sail from Bristol until April 8, made a non-stop run and arrived off Sandy Hook at 3 p.m. on April 23.

There is an interesting and historic note in the diary of the Great Western's commander, Captain James Hosken, R.N. He concludes his notes of the voyage thus: "arriving at New York on the 23rd (St. George's Day), thus establishing the possibility of steam navigation across the Atlantic which had been frequently doubted."

The possibility had not only been doubted, but definitely denied by some of the leading scientific men of that day.

In fact the whole story of the pioneer efforts to cross the Atlantic reads very much like

the stories we have been told recently of the doubts and fears of the possibilities of an air crossing.

Men said no steamship could carry enough fuel. They said the weight of the engines would break the vessel's back. They are saying the same things to-day of aeroplanes.

Yet in 1838 two queer little paddle-wheel tubs proved the critics wrong.

Sirius was only 700 tons and Great Western 1,300 tons gross register. The horse-power of the Great Western's engines was a mere 750—about half that of the engines of the Handley Page entrant for the Atlantic flight.

In fact, the quaint little Great Western would look small in many ways compared with the giant V 1500 type Handley Page machine.

This aeroplane's span of wing—126ft.—is three and a half times the width of the Great Western, her length more than a quarter that of the pioneer steamship, but the Handley Page's speed is ten times as great.

Great Western quickly began to loiter Atlantic records.

Her first Atlantic trip occupied fifteen days. On her home-bound trip she knocked a day off this, and on her next voyage she reduced the time to twelve and a half days, which became her general average, and caused 'the world to marvel.

Now we stand on the brink of another Atlantic record.

The pioneer Atlantic aeroplanes, the most wonderful things science and engineering skill can produce to-day—how will they compare, I wonder, with the London-New York air mail of eighty-one years ago—the Aquitania of the air in A.D. 2000?

DO I WANT TO OWN MY OWN COAL?

WHEN "OUR HAIR HANGS WITH (BLACK) DIAMONDS."

By HERBERT SHAW.

A humorous view of the nationalisation of mines is here put forward by our contributor.

IN imploring letters, spread over a month, I had wheedled the local coal agents. Throughout they had been amicable enough. They might not be able to send me a ton. But they would send me what they could . . . and when they could.

Now, when I was sick of the sight and smell of oil stoves, it had come.

To be sure, there was only half a ton of the precious stuff, but my imagination burnt it with such painstaking care that it was certain to last a long time—a hopeful infinity longer than the last half-ton.

When I had tipped the carter I went back to my room. My pleasing meditations led me into the glorious future.

I remembered that they were going to nationalise the coal mines, and it gave a regal feeling of pride and content. There would be no more of this harassing waiting then. I should be a part owner of the coal wealth of my country, and there would be fair distribution according to my degree.

No more cajoling. I should have a right to the coal I owned. The world would be a great deal less imperfect in that good time coming when I could be reasonably sure of a fire.

It was one of the best things that could ever happen. And then, as I reflected upon details, my vision lost its lure, and there were holes in my contentment.

PRICES UP—QUALITY DOWN.

That sounding word, State ownership, meant also State-control.

There were plenty of examples ready for me of what happened in the track of State control. Prices went up. Quality went down. And, however dear any State-controlled article was, or whatever it was like, you had to take it, simply because the supplying of it was a monopoly of the State.

Bitter experience told me that this had happened many times before, when the State took over the supplying of any "universal" thing.

There followed big panjandrums in charge of districts with two-to-five-thousand-a-year jobs. There were pachas set over areas with a-thousand-a-year jobs. Pentwiddlers made guardians of boroughs with seven-hundred-a-year jobs.

Even you yourself had a job, the simplest (but worst-paid) of the lot. Your job was to take it or leave it and to wait in terror for the tax collector.

At this point, in a vicious burst of prodigality that was oddly comforting, I poked the fire three times without caring whether any in the house heard.

NOT ONLY COAL.

It was certain (I thought) that so soon as I began to own my country's coal the price of the coal I owned would quickly go to the height of mountains far beyond my faith. And simply because it was coal, and everybody had need of coal, things couldn't stop there.

Everybody with whom I dealt used coal also. From the bread I eat to the breeches I wear, what thing was there which in its journey from the beginning right up to the point of my possession of it did not depend somewhere upon the use of coal?

Therefore it was not coal, but everything, which would gallop in price. And against this I could array only the poor compensation of that pleasant feeling of pride in being a coal-owner.

It seemed scarcely sufficient. When I should own coal my say in things, my voice in the management and in arranging the cost of production, would still be represented only by one small vote. And the chance even for that occurred so infrequently as to be almost a negligible consideration.

No, it wouldn't do. This gift of coal-ownership would destroy me. I made up my mind to cast away pride. To own half a ton at a time satisfied my simple soul. At least I knew precisely how much I was paying for that.

I started. My wife had suddenly come into the room. She knelt before the fire, and that second, as she brushed the hearth, I saw Coal as a vast and devouring god.

"It's great to have got our coal at last," she said.

Our coal.
I shivered.

DANES FORCED TO FIGHT AGAINST ALLIES.

CUPID'S OFFENSIVE: FAM



"Technical enemies" who are now friends. Danes who were forced to fight by the Huns return to Copenhagen.



Veterans of 1864 in the procession.

The Danes of Schleswig who were forced to fight against their friends, and who were captured by the Allies, have been repatriated. They were accorded special treatment while in captivity. A procession was arranged.



RED CROSS WORKER.—Mrs. Wisdon, wife of Brigadier-General Evan Wisdon, C.B., D.S.O. (Australia), now acting as pantry-maid at a hospital and as a Red Cross secretary.



A TECHNICAL TRAINING.—Demobilized officers standing by spinning frames in a large mill at Bradford, where they are being taught the textile industry.



Mrs. Bertram Hambro.

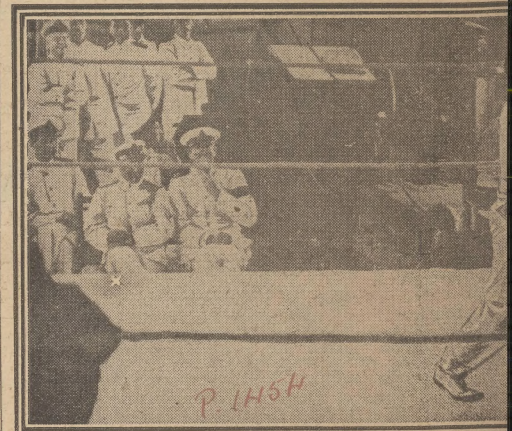


Captain C. Boyle.

Mrs. Hambro, widow of Mr. Bertram Hambro, daughter of the late Sir Neville Lubbock, and her fiancé, Captain Charles L. C. Boyle, M.C.



Lieutenant-Commander Norma, whose engagement to Vera, was announced. The bridegroom is a marine B-11 and torpedo



LORD JELlicoe WATCHES BOXING.—The Admiral (x) attended the game on which he is making a record.



"HELD UP" BY A "BANTAM."—A youthful sentry examining a U.S. sailor's pass at Limerick.—(Daily Mirror photograph.)



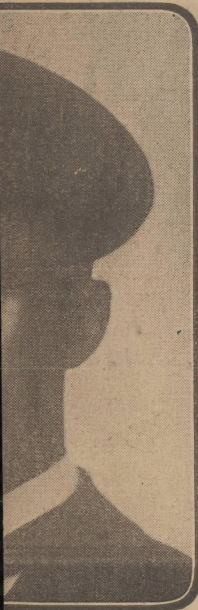
Miss Phyllis Ayrton.



Miss Elsie Bowerman.

WOMEN'S CAMPAIGN.—Misses Ayrton and Bowerman, Women's Party, are conducting a vigorous anti-Bolshevist campaign in Merthyr coal district.

US NAVAL V.C. TO WED. A CARGO OF TANKS LEAVES RICHBOROUGH.



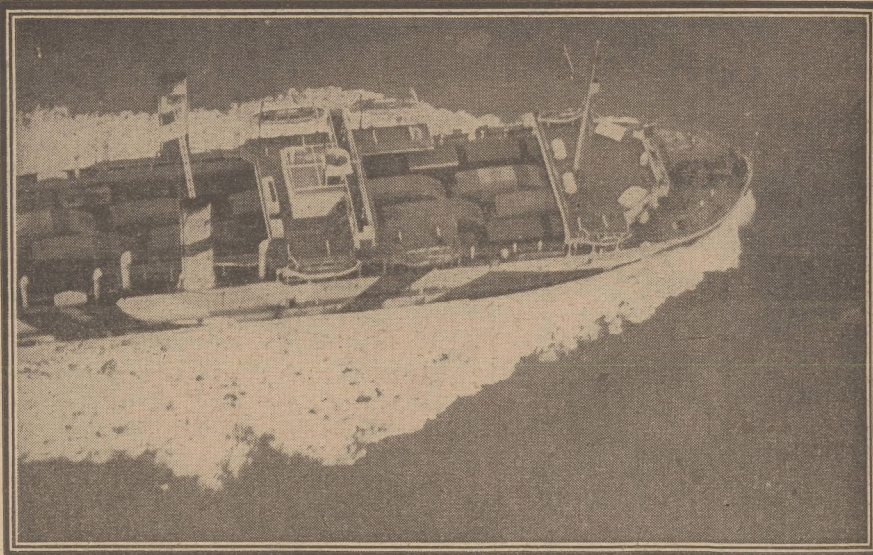
Mrs. Angela Kenna.



Lieutenant-Colonel Johnson.

as Holbrook, V.C., R.N., Frank Everard Dixon, is der a minefield in the sub-Turkish battleship.

Mrs. Kenna, widow of Brigadier-General P. A. Kenna, V.C., D.S.O., and Lieutenant-Colonel Allen Johnson, D.S.O., are to be married to-day.



One of the photographs at the R.A.F. Exhibition at the Grafton Galleries. It shows the ferry crossing.



est held on board H.M.S. New Zealand, the Dreadnought cruiser Imperial tour.



THEATRE TO PICTURE PALACE.—Miss Violet Loraine, who will appear at the benefit performance for the manager of the Kennington Theatre, which is to become a picture palace.



LITTLE RED RIDING HOOD.—A holiday snapshot from Exmouth. She has been gathering flowers.



FROM THE LAND TO THE SEA.—A Folkestone snapshot showing two farm girls enjoying a paddle during their holidays.



"CYRANO DE BERGERAC."—Mr. Robert Loraine, who has to wear a monstrous false nose, in the name part, and Miss Stella Mervyn Campbell as Roxane.—(Daily Mirror photograph.)



"MENTIONED." — Miss E. D. Young, Commandant of the Summerlee Auxiliary Hospital, Easing Green, N.



GAIETY FAVOURITE.—Miss Madge Saunders, who returned to the east of the Gaiety Theatre last night.

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THE BEST BOOK FOR THE HOLIDAYS.

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No other toilet cream can do as much for your skin and complexion as Icilma Cream—the Cream of perfect purity. Its regular use is the secret of Beauty.

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Use it daily and
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Your Hair-Health and Beauty Gift.

Test Free the Wonderful Benefits of
"Harlene Hair-Drill."

1,000,000 COMPLETE SEVEN DAYS'
OUTFITS TO BE DISTRIBUTED.

NOW that the severely trying days of War are over, men and women everywhere have the opportunity to give that time and attention necessary to the proper care of their general health and personal appearance, not the least important phase of which is the care of the hair. If you are worried about the condition of your hair: if it is weak, impoverished, falling out, or affected with scurf, dryness, or over-greyness, do as millions of others (both men and women) have done, and try "Harlene Hair-Drill"—the unfailing remedy for all hair health defects. In the course of a few days you will find every strand of your hair waking up to new vitality and new strength—you will find a new sparkle and freshness revivifying the hair, and all the lost light and

FREE



You will be pleasantly surprised the first time you practise "Harlene Hair-Drill," for it is a most delightfully refreshing toilet exercise. You will immediately wonder how you have done without it in the past. It imparts new life to the hair, giving tone and nourishment to weak, impoverished, straggly hair; at the same time it is especially beneficial in maintaining well-conditioned hair in all its pristine freshness and beauty. Send for a Free Trial Outfit.

shade, as well as the delicate tints of the hair, which have been dulled down, will reawaken, and your hair will rapidly take on a new lease of life and beauty.

From to-day onwards, there are to be distributed one million hair-health parcels free of all cost—each parcel to contain a Complete Outfit for the care of the hair.

A USEFUL AND WELCOME FREE GIFT.

You, as one of the nation's workers, can secure one of these hair-health parcels at once by simply posting the coupon below, together with your name and address, and four penny stamps to cover cost of postage and packing.

By return you will receive this Four-Fold Gift:—

1. A trial bottle of "Harlene," the ideal liquid food and natural growth-promoting tonic for the hair.

2. A packet of the unrivalled "Cremex" Shampoo—the finest, purest, and most soothing hair and scalp cleanser, which prepares the head for "Harlene."

3. A bottle of "Uzon" Brilliantine, which gives the final touch of beauty to the hair, and is most beneficial to those whose scalp is "dry."

4. A copy of the newly-published "Hair-Drill" Manual—the most authoritative and clearly written treatise on the toilet ever produced.

SIMPLE METHOD SECURES HAIR-HEALTH.

Most of all will be welcomed the wonderful simplicity of this exceptionally successful method of "Hair-Drill." The whole process takes no more than two minutes a day, and is enthusiastically praised by a host of "Hair-Drill" devotees for the refreshing and rejuvenating feeling this every-morning-toilet exercise gives before facing the day's work.

After a Free Trial you will be able to obtain further supplies of "Harlene" at 1s. 1ld., 2s. 6d., and 3s. 6d. per bottle, "Uzon" Brilliantine at 1s. 1ld. and 2s. 6d. per bottle, and "Cremex" Shampoo Powders 1s. 1ld. per box of seven shampoos (single packets 2s. each), from all Chemists and Stores, or direct from Edwards' Harlene, Limited, 20, 22, 24 and 26, Lamb's Conduit Street, London, W.C.1.



"HARLENE" FREE GIFT FORM.

Detach and post to EDWARDS' HARLENE, Ltd., 20, 22, 24 & 26, Lamb's Conduit St., London, W.C.1.

Dear Sirs,—Please send me your Free "Harlene" Four-fold Hair-Growing Outfit as described above. I enclose £1 in stamps for postage and routing to my address. ("Daily Mirror," 23/4/19).

NOTE TO READER

Write your FULL name and address clearly on a plain piece of paper, pin this coupon to it, and post as directed above. (Mark envelopes "Sample-Dept.")



New picture of the Marchioness of Headfort, wife of the Earl of Headfort, working on her schemes for domestic helpers.



Lady H. Kingsley Wood, wife of the Parliamentary Secretary to the new Ministry of Health.

WILL GERMANY SIGN?

Limerick and its Paper Money—A Novelty in Army Lists.

I ASKED a well-known DIPLOMAT yesterday whether he thought Germany would sign the Peace Treaty. He said: "Sign? Of course she will, but she will make a great fuss first. That dodge of wanting to send messengers shows she means to quibble all she can, and it ought to be a warning to us about the real attitude of the Germans."

Against Dumping.

The Anti-Dumping Bill is to be ready for discussion in the House of Commons as soon after Parliament reassembles as possible. Members will probably have it before them when the Budget is under discussion. The Board of Trade are now examining the draft of the Bill.

Retiring.

Several of the older attendants at the House of Commons will not be seen again in their accustomed places. And they will no more offer members their silver snuff-boxes. They have been retired under the age-limit regulation which is now operative.

Servants' Bedrooms.

Many people will agree with the expert who contends that the Housing Bill should contain a clause insisting on the provision of good sleeping accommodation for domestic servants. But a lady tells me she heard her housemaid say that the first thing the Government ought to do is to abolish stairs!

Our Renamed Army.

A new official name has been given to the R.E.F. in France as distinct from the Army of Occupation in Germany. It is henceforth to be known as the "British Troops in France and Flanders." But I doubt whether the new name will replace the old.

Spring Bulbs.

Amateur gardeners look with some anxiety upon the agitation to continue the prohibition of the importation of bulbs. They say that the price of British-grown bulbs has gone up very much indeed, and urge—I believe with truth—that in any case this country does not produce good hyacinth bulbs.

Welcoming the Boys.

There still seems to be a lot of misconception about London's welcome to the Guards. It was not intended as a welcome to the Army as a whole. London, so to speak,



Miss Sybil Thordike, taking up Miss Ethel Irving's part in "The Queen's Puzzle."



Mrs. Keld Fenwick, daughter of Sir William Wilson, looking as energetic as Prince.

the Guards' home-town. They live, in normal times, at Regent's Park, Chelsea, Knightsbridge and Wellington Barracks.

Local Units.

Now the War Office is issuing advice to municipalities about greeting returning local troops. But, ere all this welcoming is over, might it be suggested that regiments of London lads, such as the Middlesex and the Queen's Westminsters, might be given a cheer in the capital's streets?

TO-DAY'S GOSSIP

News and Views About Men, Women, and Affairs in General

New Army List.

I understand that the War Office is requiring a special return of their war service abroad from all officers for inclusion in a new Army List now in course of preparation. This and the record of wounds will be two novel features in Army Lists.

A Pension Question.

How long does it take to settle an officer's pension? It is nearly six months since a syllable of mine was invalidated out, and not a syllable has he heard from the authorities. Meanwhile he has to live on hope and the obliging Mr. Cox.

A Cox Gag.

Which reminds me that this "Army agent," who before the war was known to but few of the general public, has now attained the highest pinnacle of fame. He has been mentioned in a revue. At the Alhambra Mr. Gus McNaughten says, "Everybody who is anybody banks at Cox's."

Lucky Blue.

I noticed that Miss May Ewart, Sir Spencer Ewart's pretty daughter, had her bouquet of white roses tied with blue ribbons yesterday at St. Paul's, Knightsbridge, when she was married to Captain Alastair Monro (a Cameron Highlander, and son of Lady Constance Monro). I suppose this is a new way of supplying the "something blue" for luck.

Bridesmaids.

Most of my girl friends seem to think of nothing else nowadays, but the frocks they will wear and the gifts they will receive as bridesmaids. Since this craze for having a long train of bridesmaids set in every popular girl is in request by her friends who are about



Miss Sheila Marsh, daughter of the well-known painter, is to wed Major Tollhurst, R.E.F.



Viscountess Furness, wife of the shipowner who is prospective owner of Sunderland House.

to be brides. But where does the old superstition about "three times a bridesmaid, never a bride" come in?

The Bridegroom's Present.

These same high authorities tell me that the most welcome present nowadays from the bridegroom to his lady's attendants is a necklace. It may be of jade, uncut gems or anything, but it is received with more joy than the conventional brooch.

Lady Owners to the Fore.

Lady racehorse owners had a field day on Monday. Glancing through the racing returns I find that they provided the winners of nine races! This coming so soon after the winners of the Lincoln and National—both owned by ladies—will make mere men look out.

The Fair Sex.

At Birmingham they won four races—Mrs. Varipati winning two, at Waterford they won three, at Manchester Mrs. Peel's Pothlyn won the valuable Lancashire Steeplechase, and the big race at Hurst Park was won by Dromio, who is owned by a lady who races under the name of Mr. C. Burn.

To Let.

Rambling in Hampstead and St. John's Wood yesterday, I had to stop and rub my bewildered eyes several times. Here and there were displayed "To Let" boards, which we had thought to be things of the past. I counted six in one of Hampstead's many cool and leafy avenues.

Precedents.

The other day, you may remember, I suggested the possibility of Bishop Gore being a Canon of Westminster. If he is, it will not be the first time that such a thing has occurred. The present Dean of Westminster was formerly Bishop of Winchester; and the late Dr. Boyd Carpenter was "translated" from the Bishopric of Ripon to an Abbey canonry.

The Eugenic Farce.

That "The Very Idea" should be renamed "Where's the Censor?" is the friendly suggestion contained in a letter which Mr. Albert de Courville showed me yesterday. Some of the ice on which the St. Martin's players skate may be a little thin; still, it holds firm.

Variety's View.

There was a large number of variety folk in the stalls on the first night. Mr. Harry Tate loomed large in a box. "The old music-hall jokes were really very mild," said Mr. Tate in the interval. I suppose he meant in comparison with modern farce.

Seriale and Programmes.

When you go—I am assuming that you will go—to Mr. George Robey's Coliseum concert on Sunday you will have a chance of buying your programme from Miss Ruby M. Ayres, so well known to *Daily Mirror* readers through her serial stories. Other popular women writers will be in the programme-selling corps.

A Great Programme.

Mr. Robey tells me that he thinks that this concert, which is to help the children of printers killed in the war, will be the most successful he has ever given. In the programme are Mr. Charles Hawtrey, Mr. Godfrey Tearle, Miss Ethel Irving, Miss Daphne Pollard, and many other stars.

Lord Derby's Plan.

I hear that Lord Derby has evolved a scheme to meet the shortage of horses, which he will put forward at a Jockey Club meeting shortly. This will result in more two-year-old racing.

Forgetting the War.

In the current number of the *New Illustrated* Mr. Lovat Fraser has a characteristic article called "Let Us Forget about the War." Needless to say, this is not to be taken literally. There is also a study of Baron Sonnino, by Mr. Hamilton Fyfe, which is full of interest.

England's Day.

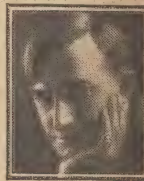
St. George's Day is to be appropriately celebrated in one City church, at least. The Rev. St. B. S. Sladen, rector of St. Margaret Pattons, Eastcheap, tells me that he has arranged for a patriotic organ recital at the church between one and two. Among other items Elgar's "Land of Hope and Glory" will be rendered as a cornet solo.

A Clerical Committee.

I am told that all the judges of the dresses to be worn at the "Chanticleer" Fancy Dress Ball at Prince's to-morrow night will be clergymen. The verdict of "the cloth" on the costumes should be interesting.

Some Place To Go.

I caught a glimpse of Mr. Raymond Hitchcock yesterday in the West End. He is busy rehearsing for his appearance in "Hullo, America!" which has had several important changes in its cast since the production. To paraphrase a now famous saying, "Comedians come and go, but a West End revue lives for generations."



Mr. R. Hitchcock.

Art and Religion.

The Church and the Stage were never so alien as the fuss made about Miss Lena Ashwell's appearance in Worcester Cathedral seems to indicate. The first plays were given in church. And some time ago Mrs. Brown Potter recited in a sacred building.

Army Bowling.

"Web-boys" and Services men generally are regretting the fact that the Mother Country will not be represented at the inter-Allied regatta on the Seine. Surely the omission will be rectified at Henley!

Girls' Golfing Club.

Some girls are, I understand, making arrangements to start on their own a golfing club to which mere men will be admitted only as guests. They hope to get a site near London.

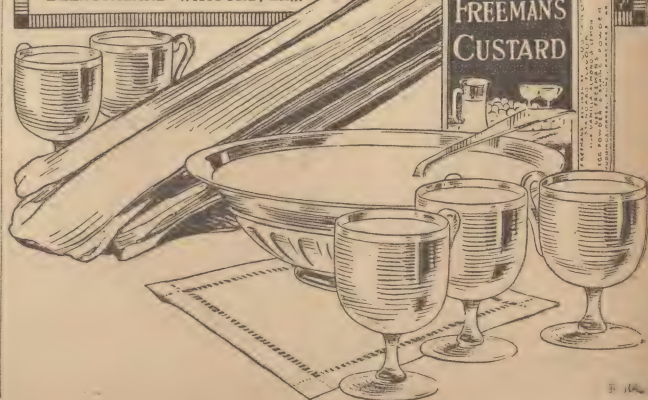
THE RAMBLER.

Freemans Custard

WITH STEWED RHUBARB

Rhubarb, either "forced" or garden grown, always provides a welcome and a health-giving dish. Add to it Freemans Custard, and you have a delightful, nourishing sweet for luncheon, dinner or supper. Freemans Custard, like all other Freemans Food Products, contains definite nourishment in its purest and most delicious form.

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where Pure Foods come from.
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A SPINNING GIRL

By SIDNEY WARWICK

PEOPLE IN THE STORY.

PETER LATHOM, a young artist who is very much in love with
PATRICIA CHANCE, an actress on a holiday, who likewise is very much in love with Peter.
JOAN HARWOOD, thirty-six, and a story writer, Patricia's friend and chaperon.
TOM LATHOM, Peter's brother. He is a business man, and quite out of sympathy with Peter.

PATRICIA WHISPERS.

"I'm going to marry Patricia Chance—and nothing that you or the rest of my family can say will make one rag of difference!"

Peter hadn't meant to let his people have as much as an inkling yet of his engagement. But now, in his heated mood, the truth had flashed out impulsively almost before he realised it.

Tom choked.

"You—you don't mean that you are actually engaged?" he cried.

"I should hate you to have an apoplectic fit," said Peter gently. "I ought to have broken it more kindly."

"But—oh, it's preposterous! An unknown struggling actress, who just because she happens to have a pretty face—"

The red-faced figure in the frock coat became restlessly and incoherent with this realisation of the fact that he was the cause of humour and laughter in his wrathful feelings. It struck him that Tom in this emotional moment would have been a pretty asset to a comic opera.

"Yes, she is pretty, isn't she?" Peter asserted. "Goodness, what a nice girl like that should care to marry into the Lathom family. We can only be thankful that she does. And I hate to hurry you, but I can see you missing that train of yours."

Well, fortunately my father will put his foot down pretty sharply on this folly of yours," Tom began heavily.

"Oh, I imagined you were putting it down for me," Peter said. "Then why this heavy stage-father rôle, this sparkling dialogue? It seems heartless to remind you, Tom, that when all's said, you're only five years older than I."

"Tom was not brilliant in repartee, and Peter's banter always left him at a disadvantage, of which he was exasperatedly conscious.

"We'll see what my father has to say to it, this preposterous engagement," he blustered. "I think I can promise he'll send his foot down on your marrying some girl no one's ever heard of! Come, what do you know of her or her people?" he demanded.

"Tom was too full of the subject to wait for an answer. He went on waving a pause—"

"No doubt she thinks she's doing a good thing for herself, only this folly's going to be ripped in the bud. A minor provincial actress! I was bad enough that you were frittering away your time, living in idleness on your father's money."

"So long as it wasn't your money, why worry?" said Peter. "The trouble about you all—whereby he meant the entire Lathom family—is that, because you can turn out millions of boots to the exact Lathom pattern, you think you can turn out my life, too, to your own cut-and-dried pattern—my career, my marriage, every mortal thing. And I'm not going to have my future made to measure like a pair of Lathom boots. Do I make myself clear, Tom?"

Tom suddenly realised two facts. First, that for any effect he had in this obstinate young ass he might as well save his breath, for there was no effective repartee occurred to him; and secondly, that he hadn't a minute to spare if he wanted to catch his train. The heavy-bellied of the family would have to be brought into action to bring Peter to his senses.

He flung himself angrily out of the cottage into the waiting motor-car without another word. Soon the silk hat became a mere black speck in the dusty distance.

Peter felt a little depressed as he strode off in the direction of the caravan.

He had been an ass, of course, to give his secret away to Tom. Tom always rubbed him the wrong way. Moreover, he realised that from Tom's attitude he could gauge with fair accuracy what the attitude of the rest of his people was likely to be. Whatever one of them thought on any given subject, it was safe to assume that it would reflect the views of the others. There was a wonderful unanimity about them in that way.

Tom would go back home with the news that he was engaged to be married to an actress, and then the deluge. The family would come down in force, and there would be what Peter mentally ribbed as "auctions."

It would be bad enough for himself, but infinitely more he hated the thought of Pat being dragged into any unpleasant family scenes.

And all they had or could possibly have against this girl he loved was that she had been on the stage.

Only, that one fact would stand for everything: nothing else would count—her sweetness of charm, her breeding, her beauty. She had been on the stage—and against the granite of her old-fashioned prejudices all else would melt in vain. Tom's attitude had merely convinced him of what he had feared before.

Well, two things are certain," Peter said to himself as he made his way through the wood to the caravan. "I'm not going to give up Pat—though it wouldn't be surprising if she felt like giving me up after seeing this sample of my people—and I'm not going to give up painting."

Pat had said "Fight!" He was going to fight.

(Translation, dramatic and all other rights secured.)

He found Patricia sitting on the steps of the caravan, just back from the island.

"So here you are, Peter!" she cried out smiling, as he came up, and made room for him by her side on the steps.

Her first quick glance at his face told her that Peter had a fit of the blues.

"Doesn't Tom approve of me?" she asked lightly, her instinct cutting straight to the truth. For an instant Peter did not speak. Words were rather difficult. How could he wound the girl he loved, as it must wound her were he to give an answer as direct and outspoken as her question?

"Oh, don't let's talk about Tom," he said. "He always takes me the wrong way. Tom ought to have lived in the Middle Ages, when you burned people at the stake if they didn't happen to agree with you. I can imagine Tom would have put in overtime at it."

Pat laughed sympathetically, and touched his hand with a little caressing movement.

The boy turned suddenly to her. Something rose impulsively to his lips—something that told this moment he hadn't meant to say. But now he knew that it must be said.

"Pat"—and his voice wasn't like that of the Peter she knew—"I gave you an idea of what my people were like, now you've seen one of them. It's a pretty fair sample of the others. You understand, I don't want to seem to say a disparaging word about them... only they are not your sort a bit; it's no use blinking the single word common with them; they'll always rub you the wrong way... their narrow views, their cast-iron prejudices—about the stage, about art, all the things that you and I had pleasure in. They'll clash with you at every turn. Oh, I know!"

Just for a moment the boy paused.

His voice was low and deep earnest. "It was like a Peter she hadn't known before. The visit had made him realise things as he hadn't realised them before.

Peter II. came running up with a little friendly bark, wagging his tail. The boy patted the shaggy head as he went on:

"I hear, that some day all this would come between you and me, that it would react on you and make you perhaps feel you would have been happier not to have married me—because in a way, you see, my people are your people then, whom you'd have to put up with however little in common you had with them—why, then, Pat—"

"Yes?" she said gently, as he paused.

"Why, then, Pat, because above everything else I want your happiness to come first, if when you've seen me, you feel you'd be happier free, it won't be too late for you to well, to just stay a good pal and nothing more."

"I understand, Peter," she said softly, "and it's good and generous of you to say what you've said. But you—if because I felt I shouldn't ever hit it off with your people, I were to want my freedom back you would care a little, and more than a little?"

"Care?" the boy whispered, looking into her face, into the dark steady eyes. "Oh, but you know! I think it would break my heart to lose you now."

The tender curves of her mouth were a little tremble, as she spoke.

"And do you think it wouldn't break my heart, too, boy?" The whispered words came to him, infinitely tender. "So, you see, dearest, your people and myself may regard each other, whether we like each other or we don't, we must never let those outside influences come between us. Our love is too dear a thing, our happiness too precious. And that's my answer, Peter."

THE WHITE NIGHT.

"PETER, does Tom—I suppose I shall call him Tom, when we're married, if he'll let me—ever relax and make a joke or laugh?" Pat wanted to know.

Joan had made coffee for them—Joan seemed to live on black coffee and cigarettes. Pat said it was a manifestation of the literary temperament.

"Well, I can hardly expect you to believe it, but I have actually heard him laugh as often as twice in one day. Of course, those were special occasions. And he seemed to suffer no ill-effects from it—at least, he made no complaint of any."

And Pat knew that Peter was feeling himself again, since this was the old cheerful Peter back, the Peter who, unlike brother Tom, did not think that to laugh often more than twice in a day was evidence of insanity.

"I'm going to paint all to-morrow morning," Peter announced. "I'm going to start on that new picture, with the caravan in it, and you, Rhinquo. And in the afternoon we're going motoring. I told the chap who brought Tom here that they're to send over the car."

He had a feeling that it wouldn't be long before a visit in force from the family would follow the revelation of this moment. Tom might be making in the Lathom circle. Better to get as much fun as possible before the threatened blow fell.

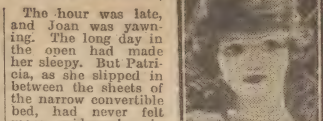
"That will be fine," Pat cried.

"Or a fine—mind she doesn't let you in for one, Peter!" said Joan, making the worst pun on record without a blush or apology. "Pat's speed on a stretch of open road is wicked."

Well, two things are certain," Peter said to himself as he made his way through the wood to the caravan. "I'm not going to give up Pat—though it wouldn't be surprising if she felt like giving me up after seeing this sample of my people—and I'm not going to give up painting."

Pat had said "Fight!" He was going to fight.

(Translation, dramatic and all other rights secured.)



Patricia Chance.

The hour was late, and Joan was yawning. The long day in the open had made her sleepy. But Patricia, as she slipped in between the sheets of the narrow convertible bed, had never felt more wide-awake in her life. She lay staring at the ceiling, with too many thoughts to make sleep come easily. Poor Peter had been worried to-night about his people and the possible effect of them on herself... but her had taken on trust, not even asking about her people, waiting for her to tell him of her own free will and at her own time.

He had told her in faithful detail about his family—and especially about Tom. Indeed, before she had seen the latter, she had felt she knew him quite well.

And yet, as she knew now, she had never realised one-half of what might be termed the Tomfulness of Tom. It was her own phrase, but it seemed to fill the bill. Even on the vivid details supplied by Peter, she could never have evolved the real Tom from her inner consciousness, so portentous, so solemn... and so utterly unlike Peter.

But probably Peter had been a changeling. It seemed difficult to find any other satisfactory explanation.

And, because of Peter, she was prepared to make the best of his people—or, if needs be, reconcile herself to the worst they could inflict on her nerves. Because she loved Peter.

"Joan, dear," she said suddenly across the caravan, "when I was in that convent school I used to dream sometimes, like all the other girls, of the man I should fall in love with, imagine to myself what he'd be like when he came along."

"Goodness me, Pat," said Joan crossly, "I was just dropping off beautifully to sleep—and you wake me to tell me a mere trivial thing like that!"

The bedclothes rustled indignantly.

"Sorry," said Patricia, staring up through the little window where the curtain was partly drawn aside, and watching the moon sailing in and out among the clouds that looked like snow-drifts. "But it isn't a mere trivial thing. It's an important thing, very."

There was a protesting sigh from Joan's side of the caravan.

"Wasn't it funny, Joan," went on Patricia, "the ideal lover I used to picture to myself wasn't a tiny bit like Peter?"

"Perhaps he was like Hugh Damer," snapped the harassed Joan, pulling the bedclothes irritably over her ears.

"No, he wasn't like Hugh Damer either. Less, if anything. No, I remember he had a profile like a Greek god," continued Patricia. "You wouldn't say Peter's profile was like a Greek god's, Joan, would you?"

"Oh, I'd gladly say it was, to satisfy you—though it wouldn't be remotely true—if only you'd let me go to sleep!" Joan flung out crossly.

"It wouldn't satisfy me. I should just hate it. Joan, I don't believe you're a bit interested in what I'm saying," came Patricia's voice reproachfully.

Joan groaned.

"Do you know, I think I care for Peter all the more because of his horrid people. I expect it sounds queer to say so, Joan—but somehow I do," Pat said dreamily. "Poor Peter, only wanting to live in peace and quiet, and being chained like a galley-slave to that dreadful Lathom boot! And his people haven't the sense to see that he'd be a hopeless duffer in the business, whilst he might become famous as a painter. But I won't tease you any more, Joan dear, you really want to go to sleep."

Only then she saw that Joan already was asleep.

Peter II. lay at the foot of her bed, curled up asleep, too. But Pat couldn't close her eyes.

Perhaps it was the moonbeams peeping in through the little window that filled her head with these thoughts that kept her mind so actively awake. She crept softly out of bed and drew the curtain across.

Then, on a sudden restless impulse, she crossed to the caravan door. Peter II. looked up, wide-awake in a moment, and jumped down; but he whispered an admonition that he was not to make a sound to awaken Joan.

Very softly she unlocked and opened the caravan door, to a flood of slanting moonbeams, their rays radiating as in a glory, on the white-clad figure there. She stood, holding Peter II. in her arms, drawing a deep breath of wonder as she looked out at the white night, at what might have been a fairy world of enchantment.

The forest clearing was full of mist and moonlight, as if seen through a veil of silver gauze. Above the tree-tops the sky was darkly blue, sown with pale stars.

A white night, a night for waking dreams... those dreams that filled the soft eyes now as she thought with a little thrill of how love had come to her here like some lovely laughter—the adventure—love that could build a ladder to the far-off stars.

She looked out through the breathless night in the direction of the cottage far beyond the trees, as if following the tender thought she was spending to someone there.

And then suddenly the sharp cry of some night bird in the wood startled the dreaming figure—and Patricia closed the door hurriedly again and locked it.

She lay down again, and at last the hazy-conscious dreams slipped over the borderland into dreaming sleep.

There will be another fine instalment of this fascinating story to-morrow.



BABY DAVIS.

"A really Wonderful Food"

5, Hill Side Villas,
Caldicot,
Nr. Newport. Mon.

March 7th, 1919.

Dear Sirs,

I am forwarding photos of my little boy, aged 3 years. At 3 months I commenced giving him "Virol." This is the result. I found it a really wonderful food. He is just recovering from influenza, and again it proves his best food.

I strongly advise all mothers to try it.

Yours truly,

J. DAVIS.

Virol is used in large quantities in more than 2,000 Hospitals and Infant Clinics. It is invaluable for the expectant and nursing mother herself, whilst for children it supplies those vital principles that are destroyed in the sterilising of milk; it is also a bone and tissue-building food of immense value. Virol babies have firm flesh, strong bones and good colour.



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FREE SAMPLE OF

ODDS ON OILS

rubbed into the painful part will effect instant relief and cure. They impart softness and freedom to the limbs.



So sure are the proprietors of the value of "Odds on Oils" that they are making a special offer of a FREE TONIC BOTTLE, post paid.

Do not get a "cheaper" imitation on sale at 1/6 & 1/500 BRANDES, and other remedies, in 1/6 and 3/4 bottles, or sent direct post free on receipt of 1/6 or 3/4 from

"ODDS ON SPECIFICS" CO. Ltd. (Dept. 6),
36 and 37, Cock Lane, London, E.C.

MYSTERY OF GLADYS BURTON DEEPENS.

Mother's Pathetic Appeal for Aid in Her Search.

'SUCH PAINS IN MY HEAD.'

"I have such pains in my head. If I am not better to-morrow, mother is going to take me to the doctor."

So Gladys Victoria Burton said to a young schoolfellow the day before she disappeared from her home in Walthamstow.

It will be remembered that this girl of fourteen has been missing since December 13.

"I cling to the belief that Gladys has lost her memory," said Mrs. Burton to *The Daily Mirror* yesterday, "and I ask everybody, particularly the matrons of homes, to help me in the search that I shall never give up."

"I think there are grounds for this belief of mine, because my daughter had only just recovered from a serious attack of 'flu,' and had hardly returned to a normal state of health."

For a day or two preceding the disappearance she had complained of bad headaches. At the time Mr. Burton, the girl's father, was employed as a supervisor at the munition works at Burslem, and in consequence was away from home.

At midday on December 13 his daughter received a letter from him speaking hopefully of their reunion in the very near future and outlining the many pleasant preparations for Christmas that were in progress.

About 1.30 p.m. Mrs. Burton left the house without the slightest suspicion that her daughter would not attend school that afternoon. On her return in the evening she was startled to find the house empty.

It has been learned since that Gladys was seen at half-past two, and that she was then travelling alone towards St. Pancras.

From this fact the parents infer that Gladys possibly had some wild idea of visiting her father at Burslem, where she had spent a holiday earlier in the year.

SINISTER CHRISTMAS GIFT.

The only letter that has indicated any solution of the mystery is a strange communication received on Christmas Eve.

The sender of this sinister Christmas gift stated that Gladys had been murdered, and that her body would be found in or near the River Lea.

For two days following the police dragged the river, but without revealing the slightest evidence of the girl's presence.

The missing girl is about 5ft. 2in. in height, well built, with a smart carriage developed by gymnastics. She has a round face and dark eyes, and wore gold-rimmed spectacles.

There is a cast in the left eye, which is rather noticeable when her spectacles are off, but not striking when she is wearing the glasses. Her coat was of black and white check, but she was probably wearing a fawn dress. Her hat was of terra-cotta felt, trimmed with ribbon of the same colour. She wore brown shoes and stockings.

Information, for which a reward of £20 is offered, should be sent to Mr. Burton, 140, Howard-road, Walthamstow.

MISSING BOY OF 13.

Mother Thinks Kidnapping Gang Has Taken Him.

A boy of thirteen, named Joseph Rurka, has been missing from his home at 222, Amhurst-road, Hackney, since Saturday morning, April 12.

On the morning after he disappeared the lad was seen by a friend of the family to travel alone by train from Dalston to Liverpool-street, turning towards Finsbury-square on leaving the station.

"He was a very quiet, gentle boy," said his mother, "not at all the sort of boy to act in this way of his own accord. I have heard that there is a clique of men in the district who lure children from their homes, and I fear he may have got into their hands." The missing boy is described as: Hair dark brown, face full round, complexion dark, eyes brown, stout build, and wearing grey tweed knicker suit and grey mackintosh; height about 5ft. Faint scar on forehead over right eye.



Joseph Rurka.

'UBIQUES' MEMORIAL SERVICE.

The King will attend the service in memory of all ranks of the Royal Artillery at St. Paul's to-day.

During the war 3,135 officers and 39,727 other ranks have been killed in action or died of wounds or disease.

FAMINE IN HOUSES.

Evicted Hotel Residents Scour London in Vain for Accommodation.

'COULD BE LET 50 TIMES OVER.'

The difficulty of finding flats and furnished apartments in London grows greater than ever.

To the ever-growing army of flat-hunters has just been added a large number of residents in London hotels, hundreds of whom have received four weeks' notice to quit in order that country visitors may be accommodated.

Never have advertisements offering furnished flats and apartments brought such a flood of replies.

The Daily Mirror was yesterday informed that to a young couple who replied to an advertisement in a suburban paper the landlady replied: "Very sorry. Rooms were let an hour after advertisement came out. Could have let the rooms fifty times over."

This case is typical of thousands. The rush for accommodation is not limited to London.

"We are full up every week until Friday or Saturday," said the manager of one of the leading Cardiff hotels to *The Daily Mirror*.

INCREASED COST OF COAL.

Public to Pay for Advance in Miners' Wages?

The result of the advance in wages recommended in the Sankey report would mean a direct increase in the cost of production of something like 2s. per ton of coal raised, which the public would have to pay in some form or other, unless the present abnormal prices for export could be maintained.

Thus spoke Mr. Wallace Thornycroft at a luncheon of the colliery employers of Great Britain yesterday.

The result of shortening the hours would be a further increase of cost of production and a reduction of output.

The Coal Commission will meet to-day in the King's Robing Room in the House of Lords.

THE STOCK EXCHANGE.

Cheerful Markets — Features in Oils—Burmahs Over £11.

From Our City Editor.

THE CITY, Tuesday.

Markets opened cheerfully. War Loan attained 96 for first time this year.

Oils continued most active section. Shells were bid for over 2s. Burmahs rose to 11½; Mexican Eagles advanced smartly to 5½. British Borneo 35s. 6d., British Burma 27s., Kerns 19s. 9d., Suez 7s. 6d., were minor features.

Cunards were quoted ex their share-for-share bonus at 2s. Argentine Tobaccos fell. Profits to 16s. 6d., Ordinary to 3s. 6d., on reduced profits. Anglo-Continental Guano were offered 4s. on dividend being halved on capital as doubled by share-for-share bonus last December.

Liptons 31s. 3d., Calicos 15s. 3d., Cements 73-16, Courtaulds 8 bid, Improved Chilling 17s. 6d., Humbers 22s. 3d., Dunlops 6, Guest Keens 5½, Thornycrofts 30s., were all good spots in India-rubbers.

Bovril Five-Year-Notes allotments, also "re-grets," are out. Dealings were effected 1 premium. Redfern Prefrs. rose 30s. to 5½.

Rand shares were weakish, especially Springs 3½, and Daggfontaine 27s. 9d. Lonelys 46s. and Zambesis 32s. 6d. were good in Rhodesians.

East Africans continued good, Lands 2½, Estates 3½. West Africans improved, Ashanti Gold 22s. 6d., G.C. Amalgamated 22s. on good dividend, 1s. 6d., making 2s. for 1918).

Rubber shares were easier at close after good opening. Trusts exceptionally favoured 33s. 6d. Anglo-Dutch 41s. 9d., after 42s. 3d.

NEWS ITEMS.

Easter Cooper, born during Easter, 1838, died from burning injuries during Easter, 1919.

9,000cwt. of herrings were landed at Lowestoft during the week ending April 12.

Admiral Beatty arrived in Boulogne on Monday, says an Exchange Paris message.

A £70 meat fine was imposed at Grimsby yesterday on Herbert Tuplin, who sent unsound meat in a hamper to a sausage-maker.

Burnt to Death in Bed.—At Cosely, Staffordshire, Emily Plant, seventy-nine, an invalid, has been burnt to death in her bed.

Found Hang-d After 'Flu.—Mr. David Palmer Morgan, a farmer, of Narberth, Pembrokeshire, was found hanging after suffering seven weeks from 'flu.

A new British air record is claimed for Major de Havilland, who has flown from Madrid to Seville and back, a distance of 480 miles, in four hours.

Navy's Record.—Thirty-two times round the world is the distance computed to have been covered by the British Navy in July, 1918.—Paris *Gaulois*, quoted by Exchange.

The Boom Defence and Barrage Service can rightly claim that its contribution towards the protection of his Majesty's and Allied ships and vessels has been of inestimable value to the fleets and mercantile marine of the Allied and associated powers.—Board of Admiralty message to the Boom Defence and Barrage Service.

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IS THE KAISER AS BLACK AS HE IS PAINTED?

by J. A. Hammerton

THE FUNNY SIDE OF FLYING by Capt. W. Pollock (late R.A.F.)

8 page Photogravure Supplement

IN addition to many other photographs and illustrations there is an eight page pictorial supplement exquisitely reproduced in photogravure. This is a standing feature of "The New Illustrated" and appears each week. So superb are the reproductions that this supplement is alone worth much more than the cost of the whole paper. The pictures this week include reproductions of many of the choicest photographs in the "War in the Air" Exhibition. Especially noticeable is a magnificent double-page photogravure of British Aeroplanes flying over the Alps—probably the finest aerial photograph ever taken.

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FATHER AND SON AS MAGISTRATES.



Lord Harris, C.B., and his son, Captain the Hon. St. Vincent Harris, M.C. The latter has been made a J.P. for Kent, and father and son will now sit on the Bench together. They have played cricket together and were both decorated by the King.



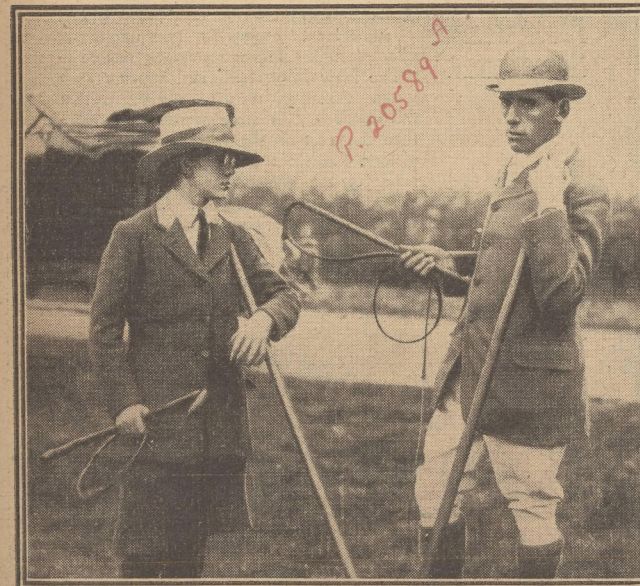
GIFTS TO V.C.s—Lient. J. Palmer Huffam, the first Berwick man to win the V.C., has received a gold watch and cheque from the inhabitants.



HUSBAND AN ADMIRAL—Lady Thurstall, whose husband, Vice-Admiral Sir Cecil Thurstall, K.C.B., K.C.M.G., has been promoted.



AMERICAN HONOUR—Rear-Admiral Sir Guy Glynne, C.B., formerly Naval Attaché in Washington, on whom President Wilson has conferred the D.S.M.



CROWHURST OTTER HOUNDS—Miss Vaindell, who is a keen follower of the hounds, talking to the whip. The meet was held at Partridge Green, Sussex.

Hooray!

—no more
"War Marmalade"
—there's plenty of
'SILVER SHRED'

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Insist on 'Silver Shred'
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'Silver Shred' on Breakfast Bread,
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A CURE for Declines has been discovered which is sure
and certain in results; everybody's opportunity—Full
particulars of D. Clifton, 13, Broad-st. Hill, London, E.C. 4.
Is your hair falling out? If so, it is due to some disease
or disorder which must be properly diagnosed and
treated. Send one day's hair combs for free diagnosis
and particulars of treatment for your case to Mr. J.
Harper Roberts, Specialist for Diseases of the Hair, 7,
Calver-square, Liverpool.

Kidney Trouble Anæmia, Nerves

The plain truth tells its own story.

Remarkable cures, when all else failed, by Dr. Cassell's Tablets



Dropsy and Heart Pains.

Miss Bush, 2, Albion-road, Rettering, says:—"There is no doubt Dr. Cassell's Tablets saved my life. My kidneys got out of order, my arms, legs, face, and body began to swell all over. My heart was affected. I was in great pain. Nothing did me good until I tried Dr. Cassell's Tablets. I gradually got better until I was quite cured."



Sleepless and Nervous.

Mrs. Walker, 8, Alderson Mount, Gledhow-st., Leeds, says:—"I got into a weak state, terribly run down and nervous. Food gave me pain and I could not sleep. I took a lot of things but they were no use. Then I got Dr. Cassell's Tablets and was soon quite well and strong again. They also cured my little girl of St. Vitus Dance."



Intense Backache.

Mr. W. H. Blake, 21, Arthur-st., South, Cardiff, says:—"I suffered with intense pain in my back from Kidney trouble. The pain was awful. I was too weak and ill to work. I was examined by X-rays. Nothing did me good until I got Dr. Cassell's Tablets: after a few doses I passed a stone, and then I gradually got completely well."

Write for full particulars of any of the above cases.

Dr. Cassell's Tablets

Dr. Cassell's Tablets are the recognised home Remedy for
Nervous Breakdown Sleeplessness Wasting Diseases
Nerve Paralysis Anæmia Palpitation
Infantile Paralysis Kidney Trouble Vital Exhaustion
Neurasthenia Indigestion Nervous Debility

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of Dr. Cassell's
Tablets in your
case sent on re-
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Nervous Anæmia.

Mrs. Leadbeater, 31, Venice-st., Dunblair, Bolton, says:—"I had no strength in me, and went quite pale and thin with terrible headaches and pain in my side. It was nervousness. I felt most, and was in bed weeks at a time. Then I tried Dr. Cassell's Tablets. It was wonderful how my health returned. They made a new woman of me."



Weak and Run-down.

Mrs. Smith, 2, Wolsey-street, Ferryhill, Co. Durham, says:—"I had no strength in me, and could not sleep at night. I felt low and depressed; I suffered for a long time. At last I tried Dr. Cassell's Tablets, then I slept well at night and soon got strong. They also cured my little boy of St. Vitus Dance."



Acute Kidney Trouble.

Mr. John Parker, 13, Armanda-street, Roundhay-road, Leeds says:—"For nearly five years I had Kidney trouble in most acute form. I was sleepless, had no appetite, and suffered intense pain. After taking Dr. Cassell's Tablets the pain soon went. I slept well, and now my health is splendid."

Daily Mirror

Wednesday, April 23, 1919.

TWO BRIDES-TO-BE.



Mme. Guillermina Lugg, of Edith-grove, S.W., who is engaged to Mr. Edward Hudson, of Linsbury Park, Northumberland.



Miss Noel Worrall, of Oxtou, Cheshire, who is engaged to Mr. Hugh Kymon Briscoe, P.C.S., youngest son of Sir John Briscoe, Bart.



WELL AND TRULY LAID.—Sir William Treloar laying the foundation-stone of the Hayling Island branch of the Alton Home for Crippled Children.

SHIPPING A PASSENGER: A SCENE IN MID-OCEAN.



A North Sea airship comes down to the surface of the water to pick up a flag officer. One of the photographs at the R.A.F. exhibition at the Grafton Galleries.



Ellen, youngest daughter, now deceased. Three years' service in France with the O.A.I.M.N.S.R.



Elizabeth, T.F.N.S., second daughter. Sister at a Leeds hospital. Also served in East Africa.



Julia, the eldest daughter, who held the post of matron at the City Hospital, Hull.

FOR SERVICES.—The three daughters of Mr. Thomas Newton Armstrong, of Shettleston, who were awarded the R.R.C.



MAKING MUZZLES.—A demobilised soldier helping to make the wire muzzles which the regulations insist on. The various firms have been flooded with orders, as all dogs must wear them from to-day.



VICTORY PARADE AT EXMOUTH.—Lord Clinton inspecting members of the local branch of the Discharged Soldiers' and Sailors' Federation. He afterwards presented a number of medals to the men.